

FAMOUS
MONSTERS
OF FILMLAND

FEBRUARY No. 37 PDC 50¢

A WARREN MAGAZINE

FAMOUS

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

**INSIDE
LUGOSI'S
HAUNTED
HOUSE!**

**SEE THE
FIEND
WITHOUT
A FACE!**

**HARRYHAUSEN'S
HORROR FROM VENUS**

**DON'T MISS THE STORY
OF THE TERRIFYING
GIANT MONSTER, YMIIR**





If you think he's ugly now you should have seen him *before* he came from the Beauty Shop! It's Adi Berber, the European horror star, in his latest role in **THE NYLON NOOSE**.



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OUR COVER: Artist Gray
Morrow's realistic inter-
pretation of the terrifying
creature, The Ymir, from
"20 MILLION MILES TO
EARTH."



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20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH

all Italy trembles
before the alien
terror of the
mighty Ymir
in this 1957
space-monster
thriller.

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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



CHAPT. 1 CHAOS OVER GERRA

THE sea lord of the fishy village of Gerra. In all Sicily, no boasts were made of bigger tuna than those which wriggled in the nets of the Gerra fishermen.

"It is because we live so close to the sea," Verrico, the strong-st man in the village would laugh. "The fish, they come into the house and ask for wine."

It was a day no sunnier than other days. Verrico pulled on the great net, urging his partner Mondello to greater efforts. Mondello grunted and wheezed and struggled with the heavy-lead net. There was a third helper in the boat, too.

"Pepe!"

Mondello scowled at the boy. "Is it your desire that the fish, they swim away? Pull upon the net, little one!"

"Silencio!"

The command came from Verrico, whose ears had been listening with amusement, and whose ears now seemed to have caught some strange signal from the depth of the sea itself.

It was a sound. It was a distant roar, and each moment grew less distant. A roar not of the sea, and un-



Spacemen Sharman (bedded) is dying of some hideous disease contracted on the planet Venus. Nurse (Joen Taylor) tries to stop his fellow spaceman (Wm. Hopper) from communicating with him.

known to the peaceful sky of Gerra. A roar that caught the ears and attention of all the fishermen.

"Look!" Pepe shouted.

The puffy white clouds were bursting overhead and spitting forth a silvery object so awesome that a gasp rose in unison from the men in the boats. There were flames spewing out of its tail and its nose pointed sharply like a silver finger at the waves. Down, down it came, in a steep screaming dive, eager to meet the sea.

Then, painfully, the nose seemed to lift slightly, as if trying to avoid a head-on collision with the hard water. But whatever force guided its movement couldn't sustain the momentary lift, and the object skipped across the smooth surface of the sea like a pebble across a pond, ricocheted, struggled for altitude once more, and then careened into the depths.

In Verrico's boat, the two men and the boy watched in trembling silence. Each was muttering brief, hurried prayers, warding off whatever devil had come tumbling from the sky.

Now a vast cloud of steam was rising from the fallen object, obscuring its view from the fishermen. For a moment, their fascinated eyes were so tightly held that they failed to see the new danger to their lives. Small tidal waves were rolling out from beneath the hissing cloud, stretching out towards the tiny fishing boats.

"Look out!" Verrico shouted, and his cry was echoed from boat to boat of the fleet. The crews scrambled for the oars.

Verrico leaped for the tiller as a wall of churning water headed straight at their backs. Not far behind him, another fisherman slammed his tiller hard over, turning the bow into the sea. But his action came too late; the angry wave broke and lifted the cargo easily into the air, spilling its passenger into the tumultuous sea. The same action lifted Verrico's craft high, then lowered it unharmed.

Then the waters were still. And again, the fishermen turned to look at the awesome silvery thing that had fallen from the skies.

Slowly, the hissing steam was subsiding, and they saw the tall of the object projecting steeply from the water.

"It's some kind of ship," Verrico muttered. "It is an aircraft."

"Look," Mondello pointed. "A hole in the side. She cannot stay afloat long."

"Yes. I think we should—"

Mondello didn't wait to hear his next words. He was as strong and as brave as Verrico, but he feared that his partner had wild and foolish thoughts in his head. He bent busily over the oars, began stroking the boat to shore, away from the scene of the disaster. The other craft in the fishing fleet were doing the same. There was no dishonor in the action; it was only common sense.

But Verrico, still looking at the aircraft, appeared to be dissatisfied.

"We stop!" he said.

The man and the boy lifted their oars.

"We go back," Verrico told them. "It is a possibility that in the aircraft there may be people."



All eyes skyward as the menace of the monster from the sunward planet grows hourly more dangerous for Earth.

"But, Verrico!" Mondello was through play-acting; he allowed his horror to show plainly on his face. "That is no usual aircraft. That is nothing like we have known before. There are no people in it!"

Verrico's reply was sarcastic. "Ah, but Mondello, you know this thing you say? You have been perhaps inside it?" He expanded his chest. "What are we—men of the sea, or children?" Mondello didn't answer.

"We go back," Verrico said.

They turned to the oars once more. Mondello tried to keep his frightened eyes off the odd vessel in the sea ahead.

"Closer," Pepe encouraged. "Closer, Mondello."

They were almost upon the thing now, close to the gaping hole in its side, the longboat bumping gently against the floating debris from the wreck. Even Verrico, whose brave features hadn't altered during the slow journey to the stricken airship, seemed no longer certain of what they were doing. When he finally spoke, his voice was hoarse.

"Pepe—the boat hook."

His eyes wide, the boy swallowed hard and lifted the hook. Cautiously, he reached out and hooked it over the edge of the ragged hole torn into the metal of the aircraft, anchoring the boat to the crippled vessel. Verrico stepped to the gunwhale, and quickly grasped the topside of the opening with his strong hands.

"You, Mondello," he whispered. "Come with me. It may be I will need your help."

Mondello looked miserable. Then he took a deep breath and followed Verrico into the darkness of the aircraft.

The floor inside was slanted by the angle of the ship. It rolled beneath their feet and they were tipped against the metal bulkheads of the object. It was black as night in the interior of the vessel but the reflected sunlight from the sea showed them to be in some narrow chamber, whose sides were cluttered with wires, coils and tubing; things electronic and mysterious and frightening. Every corner of the chamber seemed to be used for the storage

of scientific equipment or sleeping bunks. Clamped to the far wall, they could see metal cylinders of various sizes.

One of the clamps was empty.

Verrico moved forward slowly, and Mondello's progress behind him was even slower.

Then—

"Verrico!"

"What is it?"

Mondello pointed.

There was a hand, dangling limply from behind a tangle of shattered equipment. Verrico hastened towards it and what he saw of the man's face and body caused him to stop and curse aloud. Then, as if the curse was blasphemous even in this unholy atmosphere, the two men crossed themselves.

The aircraft shuddered.

"Verrico!"

"Steady," the younger man said hoarsely. The shuddering ceased. He stepped carefully away from the body of the man and made his way toward a circular hatch with a wheel in its

center. He reached over and turned it. There was the sound of air sucking its way into the chamber, and then a click. The batch opened.

There were tanks in this chamber, containing strange-smelling fuel. A dangling chain on the roof swung some metal debris back and forth. The two fishermen avoided its menace and made their way forward.

The next chamber was the last, and its scientific paraphernalia was even more overwhelming and bewildering than the first. Dials, controls, gauges, instruments, wires, tubing—Verrico's head reeled at the sight of it.

But his head cleared when he saw the man in the control chair, hunched over, his arm severely gashed and still flowing with fresh blood.

Verrico bent over him. At first, the man's face startled him, until he realized that the ugly contours weren't his but the fact of an oxygen mask. He took off the mask and put his ears to the man's lips.

"This man—he still lives!"

Together, they dragged the unconscious pilot of the strange aircraft back towards the open hatch. Then Verrico saw still another occupant, strapped to one of the bunks, his mask billowing noisily in erratic tempo.

"Take him out—quickly!" Verrico hurried over to the man on the bunk as the ship's frame shuddered a second time. He drew away the oxygen mask. The thin face revealed beneath it had a wasted, shriveled look that made Verrico mutter.

With Verrico's help, Mondello managed to get the injured pilot into the longboat. But just as Verrico was about to leave the yawning hole in the aircraft, a third shudder took hold of the ship. This time, it threw the fisherman and his human burden against the bulkheads. Water began to slosh inside the chamber, and Pepe was shouting:

"Jump, Verrico! The aircraft sinks! Jump!"

But Verrico was determined. He tugged at the unconscious body until he was able to pass it out of the hole.

"Jump!" Pepe screamed, as the crippled ship trembled once more. Verrico leaped, but his foot missed the drifting longboat and he plunged into the water. He swam swiftly after it, and the aircraft began vibrating mightily, its girders creaking and protesting.

They bailed him aboard, just as the silver ship emitted a final, grinding groan, and slowly disappeared beneath the surface of the sea.

When they rowed beyond the suction of the churning waters, they put up their oars and looked.

All was silent and serene again on the wide blue waters of Sicily.

CHAPT. 2 THE BEST-LAID PLANS

MAJOR GENERAL A. D. McIntosh had begun his military career at a time when the flying machines

were amusing toys, fit only for the war games of men who dreamed a foolish dream of conquest in the air.

And now...

He stood at the window of the Pentagon Building, a bull-necked, heavy-set man, his hands locked behind his back. There was emotion in the General's face, but he was reluctant to let the others see it exposed.

Dr. Judson Uhl respected the General's feeling, and waited quietly until the mood passed.

Strangely enough, General A. D. McIntosh had been one of the last of the key men informed of the project that was known cryptically as Project XY.

It had begun as a civilian dream, born in the great white shells of astronomical observatories, nurtured in the antiseptic laboratories of industry and government, blue-printed by civilian scientists and engineers. A vast dream indeed.

He had dreamed of the project on the day when an official visitor from Washington arrived at the General's headquarters, a visitor carrying sealed letters signed by the President himself.

General McIntosh frowned when he saw the man. He was the antithesis of everything military: slumped, weak-eyed, balding man with nervous hands and an apologetic manner. His name had been Judson Uhl, and he had the title of Doctor.

"To tell you the truth," Dr. Uhl had grinned shyly, "I hardly know why I have been chosen as emissary in this matter. I'm a lot more comfortable in a laboratory, General McIntosh."

"Well, get to the point. What's your business?"

"Rockets."

"I see. Well, I know a little about rockets myself, Doctor."

"Not this kind perhaps, General. I'm speaking of a man-carrying rocket. One equipped to hold a crew of fifteen to twenty men, able to be launched into outer space for a trip of several months duration."

McIntosh stared at him.

"I've heard that pipe dream before, Doctor. Maybe fifty years from now, a hundred, all right. But now—"

"Yes, General," Dr. Uhl said cheerfully. "Now."

"Am I supposed to take you seriously?"

"I think so. Because the fact of the matter is this, General. Whatever talk you've heard of man-carrying rocket ships, and proposed space investigations—well, they didn't tell you the whole story. The truth is that such a vessel can be completed now, within a year."

"And that is the proposed plan?"

"That is the accepted plan, General."

McIntosh's pulse was racing. But he composed his features and said:

"A moon trip, Doctor? Or another space satellite?"

"Neither. Certain recent events have caused us to abandon our 'one-step-at-a-time' policy, General. Not only do we have the means to make an

interplanetary journey—we now have the reason."

"What reason?"

"You may have heard of the recent findings released by the Palomar Observatory. The complete details are still classified, but I can say this much. The planet Venus has revealed to our spectroscopic equipment the presence of a group of valuable minerals—essential minerals to the full development of atomic power."

The General grunted. "And these means you talk about. You really think we know enough to launch a ship to Venus?"

"We know enough," Dr. Uhl said blandly. "It's been my pleasure, for the last eighteen months, to head up a scientific commission called Project XY. That commission now has the completed blueprint for the first space-ship, General."

"And where does the Global Air Force fit into this scheme of yours?"

"Just where you'd think, General. The USAF will take full charge of the actual expedition: arrange the flight, man the ship, launch it, and so forth. It was the President's personal recommendation that you be the man to head up the endeavor."

The General stood up. "I wonder if you know what this means to me," he said.

"I hope it means you're happy and excited," Dr. Uhl said. "But we don't have time to talk about how happy we are, General. We've got work to do."

In the Pentagon office, General McIntosh turned around and strode to the huge relief map that covered one wall of the sparsely-furnished office. He glowered at it and jammed his thumb into the middle of the Mediterranean.

"From all indications, she's splashed in somewhere right here." And he added bitterly: "Twenty thousand leagues under the sea."

Dr. Uhl stared glumly at the map. "What makes me cry inside is that it was so close. They made it there. They almost made it back. And—"

The telephone rang.

McIntosh snatched the receiver.

"McIntosh... Yes?... Where? Is that confirmed?... Thank you!"

"What is it?" Dr. Uhl said.

"She's down off Sicily, Doctor! Only a few kilometers off the coast of a fishing village named Gerra!"

He turned to his aide. "All right, Major. We'll need the cooperation of the Italian Government, so get the State Department on the phone. Tell them we've got a green light from the White House."

Dr. Uhl grinned. "You better tell 'em we're in a hurry. Tell them to roll up their red tape and put it in a drawer and lock it up until this thing is over."

"One more thing," the General continued. "Tell them Dr. Uhl and I want to leave and we want to leave now. For Sicily!"

CHAPT. 3 THE MONSTER EMERGES

The fishermen of Gerra gathered on the shore, huzzing and exclaiming, as Verrico and the others removed the two rescued men from the beached long-hoat to stretchers.

Pepe was staring at the shoreline. At first he saw what appeared to be a dark bit of cloth, a floating garment of some kind. There was something else bobbing beside it, a metallic object. But the bit of cloth was in Pepe's eyes and he began to wade swiftly into the water.

He picked up the cloth thing. It was a leather jacket. When he saw the initials USAF stenciled on the back, his face mirrored pure delight. He looked

Verrico said: "The man with the house on wheels? Pepe would know."

He cupped his hands to his mouth and called to the boy.

The boy was startled by the call. He was just at the point of success with the cylinder's stubborn cap when Verrico's shout interrupted.

"Pepe!"

He looked wildly about for a place to hide his prize. He was forced to settle for a clump of sand and went running to answer the call.

"St. Verrico? You need me?"

"That old doctor from Rome who travels here. Do you know where he is?"

"Dr. Leonardo? He is camped on the Via Messina."

The Commissario turned to Mon-

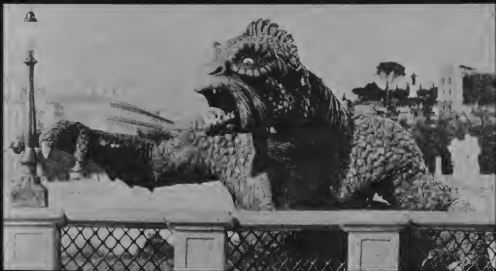
and reached out to touch the thing with his finger. Squeamishly, he yanked it back just at the point of contact. The thing didn't react to the touch, so he tried it again.

Satisfied that the blob was inanimate, Pepe picked it up and brought it to the water. He dipped the thing in the surf to wash it of clinging sand, and looked at his prize once more.

It was smooth and semi-transparent. There was something inside, something vague and shadowy, but nothing that Pepe's young eyes could identify. He frowned at it in deep thought, and then was struck with an idea.

"Dr. Leonardo!" he said aloud.

His face radiant, he picked up the flying jacket and wrapped it cozily around the gelatinous mass. He ran



around for other exciting discoveries in the debris of the fallen aircraft.

On the beach he saw the flash of sunlight on metal and moved towards the object eagerly.

It was a cylinder, and the magic letters of the USAF were stamped on it, too. He picked it up; the surprising weight, almost toppled him over. One end of the thing had clamps that secured the cap tightly; it resisted Pepe's young fingers.

On the shore, a new problem was coming to the attention of the Commissario. Mondello returned from his errand with bad news.

"Commissario! The doctor, he is not home."

Soberly, the police chief said: "That is bad. Those men are in great need of—" He stopped. "One moment! There is that old doctor from Rome, traveling with his American granddaughter. Is he still here?"

dello. "You are aware of this place?"

"But of course."

"Good. Beg the doctor to make haste."

Mondello nodded, and ran off once more.

In Pepe's eyes, there was relief. Now he could return to his find, to his metal cylinder. Who knows what wonders it held?

He picked up the object, its clamp now removed, and tilted it towards the sand.

The gelatinous blob moved slowly out of its prison, oozing its way forward with every shake of Pepe's arm, until it finally dropped softly onto the sand.

Pepe stared at it, both fascinated and repelled.

It was about fifteen inches long, hulk, and sand was clinging to its slick, wet-looking surface.

The boy tossed the cylinder aside

off, his head whirling with exciting plans and prospects for the future.

Marisa Leonardo had long ago dispaired of setting up normal house-keeping in her grandfather's trailer.

"If you must live like a gypsy," she had told him, "then you can at least travel in comfort."

"All right, little mother. But you must not clutter up my little rolling laboratory."

Now, three years later, Marisa stood in the trailer and sighed. Her grandfather's zoological equipment dominated and overran even the living quarters of the mobile house. The truck that pulled the trailer wasn't enough to hold the accumulation of gear that Dr. Leonardo traveled with. His field utensils, his test tubes, his microscope, his mounted sea specimens were everywhere.

Marisa surveyed the clutter hopelessly, but there was no strong dis-

approval in her glance.

She set about to straighten the rumpled sheets.

In the next room, Dr. Leonardo heard the knock first. He went to the door and opened it.

"Dr. Leonardo? I am Mondello, the fisherman. Come now, quickly! A great aircraft fell into the sea—a terrible tragedy—and the two men, they need you now!"

The Doctor stared blankly at him, and Marisa came in.

"What is it, grandfather?"

"I do not know yet. Slowly, my friend. Do I understand that there has been an air crash in your village, and men have been hurt?"

"Si, sir!"

The Doctor shook his white head. "I fear I would be of no help. I am a doctor of zoology, not medicine. But my granddaughter, it is possible—" He turned to her. "Marisa?"

She looked surprised, and Mondello turned his face eagerly towards her. "Signorina! You are the doctors of people with hurts?"

"Not yet," she said. "Not for another year."

The sick look of disappointment was plain on Mondello's face. Marisa hesitated, and then said:

"All right. I'll do the best I can."

Pepe came within sight of the truck and trailer with its array of bird and animal cages banging outside. He barely noticed the pretty young signorina hurrying out, carrying a small black bag, accompanying Mondello down the road. He had too much on his mind, and it all had to do with the strange slimy thing wrapped in the flying jacket.

"Good afternoon!"

He looked up to see Dr. Leonardo. "Well, my young merchant friend. And what is it you wish to sell me today?"

"Ah, Dr. Leonardo, I have a treasure!"

The Doctor hid the amusement on his face.

"With which, no doubt, you are willing to part for very, very little money?" He gestured towards the trailer door.

Within the room, the Doctor beckoned the boy to one of the camp chairs.

"Dr. Leonardo, you are a kindman, a man of much learning. And a man of great wealth."

"A man of wealth! A professor of—" He smiled ruefully, remembering the kind of world a boy lives in. "Of course, Pepe. All things are relative. Continue."

"You have two hundred lira?"

Dr. Leonardo took out his purse and peeled off two hundred lira.

"And now what is it I have purchased—this treasure of great splendor?"

Pepe was hardly interested in that side of the transaction any longer. Carelessly, he unrolled the jacket, and put the gelatinous mass on the Doctor's work bench.

Dr. Leonardo looked at it with only mild curiosity; the sea produces many odd things.

Then he examined it closer, with increasing interest. He prodded it, turned it over. He became so absorbed in the thing that he didn't notice Pepe's hasty departure through the trailer doors.

"Strange," he said to himself. "There seems to be something inside. Something with form. But what class does it belong to? Pepe, tell me where you—"

He looked up and saw the empty room.

Hurriedly, he went to the door, shouting for the boy.

"Please tell me! Where did you find this thing?"

"In the water, Doctor! In the sea!" Dr. Leonardo watched him run, and he shook his white-haired head with a wry smile on his lips.

Behind him, on the work bench, the blob from the USAF cylinder quivered once, and again.

Then it was silent.

The Commune di Gerra was a building of many moods and purposes—a home for the Mayor of Gerra, the office of the Commissario di Police, and a hospital for the sick.

On the hospital floor, in one large barren room, there were three cots. One was empty. The other two held the unconscious bodies of the men taken from the stricken aircraft.

The younger of the pair, his wounds swathed in professional bandages around his head and arm, lay breathing normally.

The other man was less fortunate. An oxygen tank had been placed near his head, and a small face mask covered his mouth.

Marisa Leonardo picked up his limp wrist and tried his pulse again. She listened to the sound of his heavy, erratic breathing, and put the wrist back on the bed. It dropped like a weight.

Then she looked into the man's contorted face, and her expression was puzzled. Not even her worst dreams had featured such a mangled, tortured face as this. What had happened to the man? What nightmare was upon him?

A grunting sound came from the other cot. She got up and went to the younger man. His eyes were shut, but his head was beginning to move on the pillow. She tried his pulse, and at her touch, his eyes struggled open. He strained to a sitting position.

"The others? How are they?" "I'm told that your aircraft is at the bottom of the sea. Whoever else was on it . . . She watched him fall back wearily. "Except, of course, this gentleman here. And his condition is critical—very critical."

The man looked at the other cot. When he saw its occupant, he forced his feet over the side of the cot.

"I'm sorry," Marisa said, restraining him. "You're in no condition to—"

"Let me alone!" He pushed her away

rudely, clutching the side of the cot for support. He got up weakly and tottered towards the other bed.

There was determination on the young man's lean, intense face. He bent over the unconscious man and put his mouth to his unheeding ear.

"Doctor!" he shouted. "Dr. Sharman!"

Vainly, Marisa tried to pull him away, but he was strong and stubborn.

"I must ask you to leave this man alone. He's extremely ill—"

"Please! Dr. Sharman, can you hear me?"

"If you don't stop, I'll call for help—"

The man whirled on her, his face infuriated. There was a depth of anger in his eyes that she wasn't used to seeing, a grim preoccupation that transcended everything else.

"Listen, nurse, leave me alone! I'm in no mood to—"

"I'm not a nurse!" she said loudly.

"I'm a doctor—or almost a doctor—and this man may be dying!"

The young man took a deep breath, as if fighting for patience. "All right, almost-a-doctor. Do you know what's wrong with him?"

"No—not exactly."

"Well, I do! I know what's wrong with him, and I know it's fatal. Eight of my crew have already died of the same thing. Now if you must stay here, stand still and be quiet. Understand?"

Marisa's eyes widened, and she gasped. Just slightly, her arm raised as if it involuntarily desired to strike the insulting young stranger across the face. She glared back at him, but he was bending over the dying man, calling: "Sharman! Dr. Sharman! Can you hear me?"

Then the man moved.

His movement was slight, but his young friend became excited, and shouted louder. "Doctor!"

The words that came from the distorted lips were hardly audible. "Are we . . . are we going to make . . . make it back?"

"We are back! We're on Earth!"

"The specimen! Is it all right?"

"I—I don't know. We crashed into the Mediterranean. I suppose everything went down with the wreck." He paused. "The others are dead."

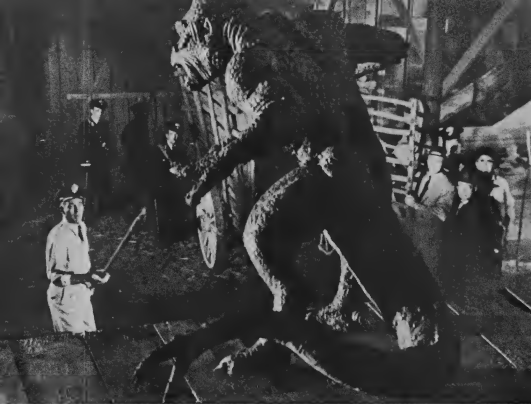
The man he called Sharman shut his eyes tightly. He tried to speak once more but there wasn't enough breath in his lungs. His hand inched upwards, making its way into his coat. It emerged with a notebook.

"Make them . . . make them find it . . . my notes . . ."

He began to gasp for breath. Marisa, watching with hypnotized eyes, came closer.

"How long can it live?" the young man was saying. "How long can it live in the cylinder, Dr. Sharman? I've got to know. It's our only hope."

There was no answer. Swiftly, the man grabbed for the oxygen face mask and slapped it over his friend's mouth. The breath came easier, but still faintly.



The violent ymir is about to be captured!

"What were you talking about?" asked Marisa. "What specimen? What fatal disease? I don't understand any of this."

"You don't. And you won't." She made an exasperated noise. She lifted the needle. "This'll give you pleasant dreams. If you're capable of them."

She was drawing it away when the sudden silence in the room caught their attention. For a moment, she looked huffed, and then realized that the sound of Sharman's erratic breathing had ended.

"He—he's dead."

"I know."

She was shocked by the answer. Her voice was hard when she spoke to him again.

"Do you mind explaining all or some of this?"

"I'm sorry . . ." His voice was thick with the effects of the drug. "But I can't. . ."

"Can't? Or won't?"

He yawned widely. "Both . . ."

His head rolled over on the pillow.

The moon seemed brighter than Marisa Leonardo had ever known it.

She followed its path down the road that led back to her grandfather's trailer.

But the moon wasn't shining for her alone. Its beams slanted through the window of the mobile home and picked out the shiny form of the gelatinous hloh on the Doctor's work bench.

The strange shape inside the mass had more definition now. It began to move, to shift, to struggle.

Slowly, a crack formed in the slick surface. It grew longer, wider.

Then, something burst through the shell. A tiny fist, with three talon-like fingers!

Strangely, Marisa wasn't tired. Her mind was active, thinking rapidly, puzzling over the strange words she had heard spoken inside the Commune di Gerra. What had caused so many deaths among the crew? And what unknown plague had tormented the dead man's features?

With a sigh, she put down her surgical hag and began to shrug off her jacket.

The peculiar sibilant noise startled her.

She whirled, and the sight of the thing on the work bench drained the blood from her face. She stifled a scream in her throat, and stared.

It was some fifteen inches high, and the moonlight delineated its grotesque shape. Its incredibly long, lizard-like tail swished behind it; its head was nightmarish, like that of a medieval dragon's. It waved its three-taloned hands helplessly in the air, and hissed at her as if in fright.

Marisa stood rooted to the spot, watching the creature's frightened eyes. It began to hack away, as if fearful of an attack. Her hand went out automatically and flicked the light switch.

The creature jumped at the sudden burst of light in the room.

"Grandfather!" Marisa whispered.

"Grandfather!"

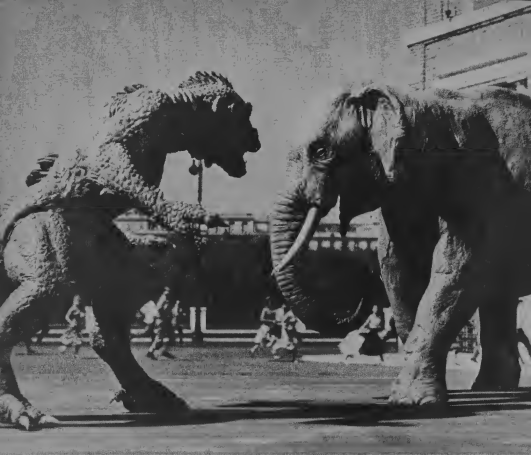
There was no sound behind the curtain.

"Grandfather!"

This time, Dr. Leonardo responded to the urgency in her voice. He came out from behind the curtain, clutching his dressing gown.

"What is it, Marisa?"

He looked in the direction of her



Outer space creature faces earth elephant in the strangest battle of the 20th century.

round-eyed gaze, and saw the creature on the bench. It hissed towards him, and backed up even further. For a long time he did nothing but stare, and then his zoological training and instinct replaced any panic in his actions.

"My gloves," he said. "Where are my gloves?"

"Under the hench—"

The thing hissed again, a sound of warning, as the Doctor groped for his protective gloves. He picked them up hastily, slipped them on, and then placed his fingers carefully on the edge of the hench, only inches from the creature. Slowly, his hands raised towards it, and perspiration gleamed on the Doctor's forehead.

"Be careful," Marisa said.

The creature hunched its shoulders, its razor-sharp claws uplifted. But it

didn't resist the old man's touch as the Doctor's fingers closed around its scaly body.

He lifted it up, and Marisa recoiled. "What is it? Where did it come from?"

"Pepe," the Doctor said. "The little fisher-boy." He put it down again. "I have never seen anything like this. There is no scientific record of such a creature."

Now he was all man of science, his voice calm and professorial. He picked up a pencil from the hench and pointed to the creature's anatomy. He spoke to his granddaughter as if to a zoological college class.

"See? The torso resembles that of a human being. The head—I cannot classify the head. The tail is reptilian, and observe the legs." He straightened up. "But where it came from—"

He stopped when he saw the rem-

nants of the gelatinous mass still on the workbench. He prodded it with his finger, and realized at last its true significance.

It was an egg.

"Pepe said it came from the sea. But still I do not know—" He reached for the creature again. "Marisa, open the empty cage in the truck. Make haste!"

The girl went to the door of the trailer, and her grandfather followed with the creature in his grip.

They made their way to the truck parked beside the mobile home, and Marisa threw back the tarpaulin that covered its end. There were cages of varying sizes inside and in all but one, small animals and birds scurried frantically.

The empty cage stood about five feet tall. She swung open the wire door.

Dr. Leonardo placed him gently in-

...the creature had caught him. It was a
...and then, with a sudden start,
...of the old house. It was
...there, and the creature
...with a strange
...it suddenly.

...Leonardo showed in spite of
...himself.

"Nonsense," Maria said.

"And so very frightened. My voice
was piping. Poor little thing."

"You are indeed your father's
daughter," Dr. Leonardo said tenderly.

"Always having pity on even the
meanest of God's creatures. I must
have—must I not—call this a
poor little thing?"

"It is something
about the—"

"Put his thumb out her shoulder
and they—"

"Confused and
afraid to the trailer."

Dr. Bo, a slender, young man in the
white coat of a doctor, stood in the
door of the trailer, staring dully at
the creature, relieved the chain of events
that had caused all this.

CHAPTER 4
THE EMPTY CAGE

THE day broke over Sicily.
Maria listened to the familiar
sounds of bird and animal chatter, as
her grandfather's specimen he had
collected greeted the day.

Then:

"It was Dr. Leonardo's voice, calling
excitedly but without alarm.
"Come here!"

She stepped out of the trailer and
followed her grandfather to the truck.
He was pointing to the cage that had
received the creature from the egg the
night before.

"Observe, mi cara," he said. "Ob-
serve our friend this morning."

She looked, and the sight startled
her.

The creature had grown.
"It's impossible," she gasped. "He's
he's twice the size. He's almost three
feet tall!"

"Yes. And a few pounds.
"It's unbelievable!"

Two exclamations of alarm, in rapid
succession, against the soft
cloth at the bottom of the cage. Its
only eyes were fixed on the creature.

"This is a very serious matter," Dr. Leonardo
said. "I must go to the Museum at
once."

"But—"

"I must go to the Museum at
once."

"But—"

"I must go to the Museum at
once."

"But—"

...his chief (and only) assistant
...so skilled with the steel
...and wore such an awe-inspiring
...boy hat.

"Pow! Pow!" Pepe's wooden put
picked off another savage. "Pow! Pow!
Pow!" They were biting the dust all
around him. He turned towards the
beach where Verrico, Mondo, and
the others were preoccupied with the
banging of nets, wanting that to be
his talent and bravery.

But what he saw caused him to
change. Dr. Leonardo! His head
went anxiously to the right and left
of his head. What was he doing
to ask him to help him? He
he began to struggle with his pair
chairs.

...he waited, ducking
out of sight.

The Doctor was speaking.
"Saluto, Verrico."

...can perhaps inform me of the whereabouts
of the boy, Pepe?"

"Ah, he has gone! Yet he was here a
moment ago."

Verrico said: "I shall see him to-
night, Doctor, and tell him to seek
you out tomorrow."

Dr. Leonardo shook his head. "No.
Tomorrow I shall not be here. Today,
Mamma and I are on our way to
Roma."

From his hiding place, Pepe watched
with satisfaction as Dr. Leonardo
strode sadly away. He was about to
return to his fortress when the sound
of airplane motors caught his ears.

He looked upwards, and his mouth
opened in wonder at the sight of the
Navy seaplane dropping gracefully
to the water, landing in a wash of
white foam.

How wonderful life was becoming!
Pepe thought. In so few hours, he had
seen an amazing giant, survived a life
forever into the sea. He and several
flying men from the great United States
Air Force, and had recovered one of
their jacks for his very own. And
most important, he had found a trea-
sure in the sea worth two hundred
lira. And now—

From the direction of the town, a
disturbed jeep was driving swiftly
towards the shoreline. The Commis-
sario of Police was sitting beside
the driver. When his jeep halted, he
looked towards the sand.

The Commissario stepped forward.
"May I introduce myself, General?"

"Signore Conte, Commissario of Po-
lice in Gerà. From the Governor in
Catania, I have received a telegram
asking me to cooperate with you."

Gen. McIntosh put out his hand.
"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

...the country.
...the country.

A few minutes later, a jeep was
pulling up in front of the house in
Gerà, and the tall figure of the Com-
missario was waiting for the General's
visit.

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
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"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
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"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

"Thank you, Signore Conte. And this
is my car."

folded his arms, his face grave.

"What I have to say to you will sound incredible. But I assure you that it is true."

He paused and looked at the Colonel. "Colonel Calder here has just returned from an expedition to Venus."

The old man cocked his head, as if uncertain of his own hearing.

"Eh? To, er, Venice? You mean perhaps Venezia?"

"To Venus, Signore," McIntosh said grimly. "The planet Venus."

himself.

"Man's first interplanetary voyage," McIntosh said, his own words awing him. "On the return trip, the spaceship was crippled by a meteor. Except for Colonel Calder, the entire crew perished."

"I am grieved," Contino said quietly.

"Now we are faced with a problem," the General continued. "A problem of enormous consequence. In order for you to help us, Signore, I must explain

made, it operated satisfactorily for some time. But it wasn't fool-proof. There were elements in the air, dust-clouds of some extraordinary nature, that suddenly poisoned our men. Several members of our expedition died there before the others realized the danger. Dr. Sharman, the chief scientist aboard, also became fatally ill. He died here after the ship's crash."

Contino's face was a study in wonder.

"Fascinating!" he said. "Horrible—



Contino looked around him, his eyes wary, and then he looked plainly suspicious.

"To the planet Venus?" he repeated.

"That is correct."

The State Department official flapped his arms in the air, and they landed with a thud against his side.

"I had been informed that his matter was connected with something vast. But—the planet Venus?" He turned his eyes on Calder, looking him over as if the Colonel were an alien creature

carefully."

The old man sought a chair, and lowered himself without once removing his eyes from the General's face.

"The problem is this. The atmosphere on Venus is such that a human being cannot breathe it and survive. There is carbon dioxide in the air, but no oxygen. We believed that we could develop equipment that would sustain human life, for a limited time, on this planet. We created such equipment, and after the first successful landing was

but fascinating!"

"But this is the important part, Signore Contino. On that ship was a particular sealed metal container—" The General measured the air with his hands. "It was approximately this long, and this diameter. In it, Colonel Calder informs me, is an unborn specimen of life on this planet."

Don't fail to read the smashing conclusion in the next thrilling issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

DO YOU

**BELIEVE
THIS
STORY**

**READ ON,
IF YOU
DARE!!!**

Lugosi knew
his house
was haunted...
there's
the bat...
the howling
dogs...
the weird
woman...
the
coffin-like
boxes...



Lugosi gazes into the eyes of Helen Chandler, in the classic DRACULA.

"This house," I said to Bela Lugosi, "is it—is it—?"
"It is haunted," said Lugosi. "Yes, please..."

I hadn't heard that the house was haunted or I wouldn't have gone there.

I had approached it and, at first sight, it really looked harmless enough. A low, dull, red brick house crouched close to the earth on the edge of a precipice, shrouded in ivy, dark with trees.

The gates were locked. A "Beware of Dogs!" sign greeted me. From within came the baying of hounds.

I was admitted, finally, by a tall young person with a pale face and a pale mouth. Bela Lugosi's fourth wife.

I awaited him in the living-room—or could one call it a *living* room? There was a portrait of Lugosi on the walls—that too pallid face, those pale eyes, those bloodless lips, those predatory white bands...

There were other pictures on the walls—of Lugosi as "Dracula"... pictures of women with wild faces and distraught black hair and bared breasts and wild bands... the Lugosi coat of arms hung over the cold hearth...

taking up one side of the room was a mammoth couch covered with a heavy rug. There were two indentations in that rug, concealing, or so it seemed, three separate boxes. Long narrow boxes—were they coffins?

I began to feel chilled and goose-fleshy. I remembered that Lugosi had had three wives. One stayed with him for a mere twenty-four hours. *Where were they now?*

I recalled, too that he had come from the black mountains of Hungary, from the little mountain town of Lugos. The black mountains where dwelt Bram Stokers' dread hero, "Dracula"...

There came to my mind talks I have had with Lugosi in the past... the tales he told me of those vampires in the black mountains who kiss human beings into the semblance of death. Lugosi believes these stories.

All sorts of pale and monstrous thoughts crowded in on me as I waited for him. I thought of mouldering graveyards and shrieks in the night... the drip, drip, drip of blood—death... I looked up at the portrait of the man with the pale green face

and the stretching bands and there was something in the atmosphere of that room that made the little, lonely human spirit whine in its thin envelope.

I told myself I was ridiculous. There are no such things as vampire bats and spirits of the dead... that those three things over there covered with the heavy rug were couches, of course... the man Lugosi was a charming Hungarian gentleman who had played "Dracula"... and yet I can swear to you that there was something about that house, something in that room, something in the face of that young fourth wife that is not as you or I...

You who read can laugh this off, mockingly. My only answer can be to wish you, too, could stand in that room.

At last, Lugosi appeared. He has a beautiful courtesy. But I thought, his eyes are slightly sunken as with dreadful thoughts... he looks as though he never sleeps... his hair is dead against the thinness of his skull...

I said to him, trying to be casual and offhand, "My goodness, Mr. Lugosi, this house—is it haunted?"

"It is haunted," said Bela Lugosi.

"Yes, please . . ."

I sat down in the nearest chair. I said, with another attempt at being conversational, "That huge couch over there—would there be coffins under that rug?"

I wished I had not asked that question, for Lugosi did not answer me. He smiled that strangely smileless smile of his—and did not answer.

I said, "Tell me about . . . the house, please. . ."

He said, "Your fancy may crawl away from the telling of such a tale. Your readers may not believe. But in order to tell you about the house I must go back a little way. You know that I am married a fourth time. Yes, you know that. You have heard about my—my other wives. You know that I come from the black mountains of Hungary where, in the arms of my old nurse, I heard the tales of vampires and saw their victims. Ah, yes, as I grew older and could take notice of things about me I saw many a young man and young woman pale and sick-en and seem to die with no cause given. I had a skeptical mind. I read widely. I made a brave attempt to laugh off such nonsense. Folklore gone mad, I told myself. I would shake off the charnel-house odors of such foul superstitions . . .

"And then, I met the woman. Her age was indeterminable. She was an actress. She was not outstandingly beautiful. Her hair was a pale brown. Her skin was deathly pale at times; at other times it was a blood, blood red—that was when she had been fed. Her mouth was thin and ravenous. Her teeth were tiny, and pointed. She had been married many times. There had been many lovers. One never asked what had become of them. Men feared her—and went to her at her command. Husbands left their wives because of her.

I had a wife, too, and two sons. Yes I have two sons of whom I have never spoken. They are grown boys now. I have never seen them since I—left. I have never, from that day to this, sent so much as a picture postcard home. Nor have I had one. How should I? I burned all my bridges behind me when I left more than fifteen years ago. It was safer to have no communication of any earthly kind. I wish I could say that I did not care, that the thought of those two young men of mine did not matter to me. But I do care, it does matter. However, to get back . . . At that time I was living the normal life of a young man of the town. I had played Romeo, with some success. I was said to be of outstanding appearance. I had a genial disposition and a happy outlook on life.

"Then I met—her. The very first time I was introduced to her I broke out into a deathly cold sweat. My heart and pulse raced and then seemed to stop, dead. I lost control of my limbs and faltered in my speech. I was never happy in her presence. I felt always



"The Next Bite is mine," says Bela.



The deadly vampira takes a firm grip on things as only Bala can!

sick and dizzy and depleted. Yet I could not remain away from her. She never bade me come to her, not in words. There was never any of the conventional trapping of assignations. I simply went to her, at odd hours of the day and night, impelled by an agency I neither saw nor heard.

"I lost weight. I hardly slept. I had seen other young men fade and wither before my eyes and had heard the village folk whisper the dread cause. But when it came to me, I did not know it for what it was.

"It was my mother who forced me to flee the country and never to return to it again until that woman and every trace and memory of her vanished from the sight of men . . ."

"This that I am telling you is the truth. It can be verified if you are curious or incredulous.

"I came to America. After a time, my health returned to me. I tried, on two other occasions, to find human love, to marry and have a home as other men have. You have heard the results. One marriage lasted twenty-four hours . . . The other . . . I can only say that she, the faithful one, was there and gave me to understand that if ever I felt love again, attempted marriage, she would stand between me and fulfillment.

"For many months, for years I dared

not think of love or of marriage. I was determined to stay alone.

And then I met my present wife. She was my secretary. She, too, is of Hungarian descent. She was born here. She, too, was raised on the folklore of the country side, the tales of vampires and ghouls and unspeakable things.

"She loved me, she has told me, at first sight. Something in her ached for me. I did not love her—not at first. I had put love from me. Then, day after day, as she worked for me and with me, did little things for me I had not thought to ask her, a craving for companionship, for a woman in my heart and in my home once more took hold of my very vitals.

"But I wanted to put her to the test. For weeks before I dared to tell her that I loved her, wanted to marry her I—tortured her. They were not nice things, the things I did to her. I cannot speak of them. Perhaps it was to test her . . . perhaps it was an attempt to placate that—that other one. Whatever it was and however shamed my heart, I caused her such suffering as made the tears stream down her face for hours and hours at a time . . . but she never faltered, never turned away from me.

"And so, nearly two years ago we were married and we found this house.

"We thought, 'We will make it safe

against invasion of any kind. And so we have locks on all the doors, locks that cannot be unlocked by any hands but mine. And no one is admitted to this house unless that person is well known to us. No appointments are made over the phone. We have five hounds and one of them is white and his name is Bodri. *He knows.* The windows, as you can see, are screened and barred and locked. On the landing of each stairway is a large cushion upon which one of the hounds sleeps at night . . . no footstep, human or otherwise, can mount or descend these stairs without their knowing it.

"And there are times when they howl in the night . . . howl fearfully though no eye, not even mine, can see what they are howling at.

"And so, in spite of all these precautions which you, yourself, can see, the house is haunted.

"I knew it, first, when the dogs began to howl. I knew it when I first saw the white fur rise on Bodri's body, saw his ears flatten and his red eyes dilate.

"I knew it when, in the dead of night, there came the sound of something dragging around the house.

And then, that first night in this house and every night thereafter the bat has come. The first night I saw that bat, monstrously big and with but

one eye, flattened against the window.

"It began to be a monomania with both of us—to kill that bat. We had the feeling that if we rid ourselves of that thing we would be free. We told Bodri to get it. We even hired exterminators to come up and watch for the creature and kill it. We had all kinds of men here lying in wait for it. They finally told us we were imagining it—there was no bat visible. We knew that they thought we were mad.

"Months went by and then, one night, Bodri got it. We heard him howling in the darkness. He came into the house and he had it in his mouth, limp, dead, hideous beyond words. With a sick heart and shuddering flesh I went into the garden and there, in the dead of night, I dug a grave for it. I dug a hole deep enough to bury the Giant of Tarsus. I went back to the house, and to bed.

"The next night came. We had a little festive dinner, my wife and I. We drank wine and were very gay. We even talked of the time when we might go back to Hungary, back to Lugos. In the midst of our happy talk, it happened.

"My wife heard it first. I could tell that she had heard it by the look on her face. I went to the window. The bat was back again. Not the same one, you say? But yes, it was.

"I went out into the garden with Bodri beside me. I dug up that deep pit again. The bat was gone. The ground was undisturbed but the bat—was—gone."

Lugosi rose and walked over to the hearth over which hangs his mother's coat of arms. He said, simply, "I swear that what I am telling you is the truth."

I rose to go. Mr. Lugosi walked with me to the door, unlatched it, took me through the garden, unlatched the gate. He said, "This is a strange tale to have told you. In the town of Lugos it would not be thought so strange, nor disbelieved. So often and so frightful is this sort of thing over there, even today, that the townspeople of Lugos often keep their dead for days and sometimes weeks to be sure they have died a Christian death and not the hideous, half-death of the vampires. But I hope," Lugosi said, with that slight bow from the waist of his, "I hope I have not frightened you . . ."

I drove away. I was grateful for the sunshine. I tried to think. What rot! What utter nonsense! I couldn't—not quite. I thought of this man who lives here, in Hollywood, who walks the streets and works in the studios and is charming and courteous and kind. But walks, always, with make-up or without, with that pallid face and those white, preternatural hands and smileless smile.

This, at any rate, is the story he told me. I have not exaggerated. I have not dramatized.

You may draw your own conclusions.

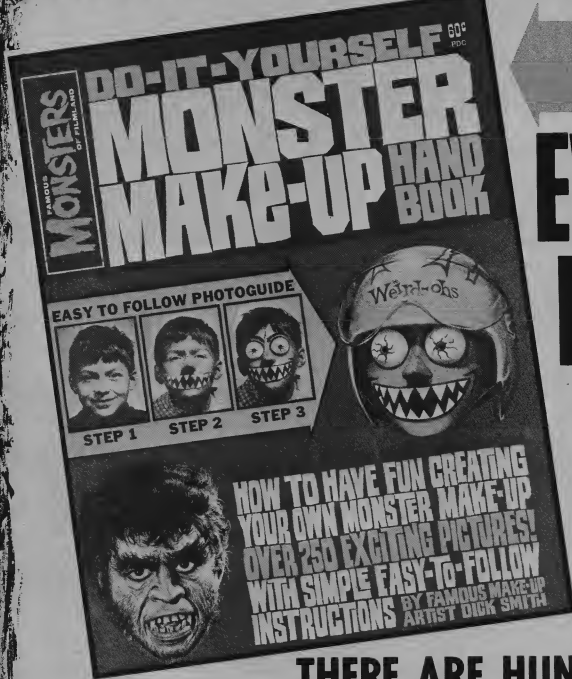
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The FAMOUS MONSTERS reader seen in the two pictures below turned himself into an interesting monster, complete with a Phantom of the Opera nose & jagged scars—all with the materials found inside the OFFICIAL CONTEST MAKE-UP KIT. Everything necessary to turn you into a monster is included in this OFFICIAL KIT. Anyone can have fun applying the makeup & creating all types of characters & monsters. Enter the Contest today—and receive your OFFICIAL MAKE-UP KIT in the mail!



BEFORE

AFTER

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. You must be an amateur monster fan, under 21.
2. Mail the ENTRY BLANK COUPON (opposite page), along with \$4.95 for the OFFICIAL CONTEST MAKE-UP KIT. Your complete OFFICIAL KIT will be rushed to you immediately.
3. Using the materials in the kit (as well as other props, etc., you may want to use), make yourself up to the best of your ability. You can create a new unusual face, or you may recreate a face that appeared in FAMOUS MONSTERS.
4. Send in a nice clear snapshot, polarooid print or glossy 8" x 10" photograph of yourself—BEFORE and AFTER the make-up job. Do not

send color photos. Send black & white photos only. Each Official Make-Up Kit will contain an OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION. Send your BEFORE and AFTER photos attached to this OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION.

5. You may send as many different poses of yourself in the same make-up as you wish, with a single ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION; but if you wish to submit a picture or pictures of yourself in more than one make-up (such as a Mummy and a Man from Outer Space), a separate ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION must accompany each different make-up. You will find several ENTRY BLANK APPLICATIONS

SUBTEENERS and Franken's-teens, lots from two to teenagers about to turn 20—here's your ghoul-inn opportunity to have fun making yourself up as a monster AND WIN SUPER PRIZES like the huge trophy shown in the picture on the right!

BESIDES getting your picture published in FAMOUS MONSTERS if you're one of the 10 first prize winners, you'll get a FREE Lifetime Subscription to FM (and that could mean a cool 3000 years if you grow as old as The Mummy). But look at the GRAND PRIZE: a 3-foot tall genuine walnut and gold trophy, engraved with your name—as the Official First Prize Winner... PLUS a set of any 5 of the \$34.00 CUSTOM OON POST UNIVERSAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD MASKS (shown in color on the back cover of this issue).

SECOND PRIZE is a handsome walnut and gold 2-foot tall trophy, engraved with the winner's name... PLUS a CUSTOM OON POST UNIVERSAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD MASK of your choice.

THIRD PRIZE is an impressive walnut and gold AWARD PLAQUE, engraved with the winner's name.

THE NEXT SEVEN WINNERS will each get BRONZE MEDALS, engraved with their names, complete with silk Awards-Winning Ribbons—all in a distinctive Presentation Box.

in each MAKE-UP KIT.

6. The FAMOUS MONSTERS MAKE-UP CONTEST closes at midnight, February 15, 1966. All entries must be postmarked before then to be eligible. Prize winners will be notified by telegram, and prizes will be delivered to winners on or before March 31st.

7. Winners will be judged on the basis of originality and artistry of their make-up creations. All photographs become the permanent property of Famous Monsters Magazine.

8. Anyone may enter—excepting employees of Warren Publishing Company, its affiliates or their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

HOW CAN YOU WIN one of these fantastic prizes? WHAT must you do to have that trophy sitting in your room? You must convince FAMOUS MONSTERS' judges that you are the greatest new young make-up artist since Lon Chaney, Sr.! You must show us that we are as great as—or greater than—the 10 Winners of our previous Make-Up Contest.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Send away for the OFFICIAL CONTEST MAKE-UP KIT for only \$4.95. For this small investment (maybe Mom or Pop will advance it to you as a birthday present, or you could earn it in some way doing extra work) you not only get the professional type Make-Up Kit that will give you hours of pleasure and make it possible for you to change your face in dozens of ways, but you will also receive with the kit your OFFICIAL CONTEST APPLICATION BLANK. You attach this to good clean clear photographs of yourself, Before & After. Best of all are glossy 8" x 10" enlargements.

YOU MAY submit as many different poses of yourself as you wish in the same make-up, all with a single APPLICATION BLANK; but if you want to send entries of yourself in more than one make-up (such as a SPIDER and a FLY), a separate APPLICATION BLANK must accompany each different make-up. Several APPLICATION BLANKS are included in each OFFICIAL MAKE-UP KIT. You can make up your face, make a mask, or even turn your entire body into a monster, creature or thing, using the materials found in the OFFICIAL MAKE-UP KIT.

FAMOUS MONSTERS will inform the delicious Winners of their good fortune sometime during the month of March 1966, and the PRIZES will be delivered shortly thereafter. Enter TODAY! You can be one of the Winners!

YOUR MAKE-UP CAN WIN THIS FIRST PRIZE TROPHY!



YES! SEND ME THE OFFICIAL CONTEST PROFESSIONAL MAKE-UP KIT

This natural rubber make-up kit is devised so that all types of character and monster faces can be created easily. Latex adhesive and Make-Up Rubber (harmless to the skin) is included to completely change the shape of your face. Unlimited zombies, vampires, werewolves and other weird make-ups can be achieved with this FAMOUS MONSTERS' OF FILMLAND MAKE-UP KIT.

Just like the make-up used by the motion picture and television make-up men, not for the first time, as all-rubber PROFESSIONAL make-up kit just like the kind used in Hollywood.

Kit contains: Latex Rubber Bald Cap • Three Monster Noses • Two Cheek Pieces • One Forehead Piece • Three Scars • One Neck Piece • Two Jaw Pieces • One Bottle of Latex Adhesive • One Chin Piece • One Bottle of Make-Up Rubber

ENTRY BLANK COUPON

FAMOUS MONSTERS Dept. FM 37
HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP CONTEST
BOX 6573, PHILA., PENNA. 19138

I enclose \$4.95 for my COMPLETE OFFICIAL CONTEST MAKE-UP KIT and OFFICIAL APPLICATION BLANK. Hurry! Rush them to me so I can enter my pictures in the HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP CONTEST!

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

MAIL TODAY!



THE BLACK CAT (Universal, 1934) certainly didn't bring bad luck to Boris Karloff for he's continued to star in tales of terror ever since.



By Peter J. Jarman

the latest interview with the Living Legend

That morning I had spent on the set of *THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD*, watching filming on this brand new Karloff film. (Reported in exciting detail in the August issue, #5, of our companion magazine *MONSTER WORLD*.) Following lunch, at the exit to the restaurant I breathlessly caught up with Boris.

"I've waited for years for this moment," I told him.

"It is very kind of you to have travelled so far" (6 hours' journey from my home) "to see me," he smiled. "I'll be waiting for you in my dressingroom in 5 minutes."

Back into the shadows of the set and I was soon being ushered into the Karloff dressingroom where the gentle & courteous Master of Screen Terror apologized for not getting up because of his arthritic knee. "It's done a lot of mileage, you know."

He told me he had read the current copies of *FM* & *MW* which I had posted him in advance.

"I read them with great interest," he said, "but, as much as I appreciated the birthday wishes of all the readers, as expressed by Editor Ackerman, that I should live for ever . . ." He trailed off, shaking his head with a smile. "My goodness, only the other day when an enterprising show house had screened Boris' original *FRANKENSTEIN*, he had sent the manager a message which read, 'It's nothing short of a scandal that, after all these years, I am still around to be able to send you my best wishes . . .!'"

Boris & I talked of many things, of my friends Peter Cushing & Christopher Lee & others. "Very good actors," he said, "but I've never seen any of the new *FRANKENSTEIN* or *DRACULA* films. I'm sure they're done quite well but there is a modern tendency with the so-called horror film—and I prefer the word terror to horror—to introduce shocks just for their own sake. This I believe to be wrong. Shocks should evolve naturally from the situations & story. They should not be forced into a film without excuse."

I was soon weighing down the Karloff lap with a pile of my treasured publicity pressbooks & stills of old Karloff films which he patiently examined, autographed and commented on nostalgically. I showed him the original pressbook for *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. "Dear Una O'Connor—dear old Ernest Thesiger & James Whale," he said reflectively, thinking of his friends who had passed away.

Then we came to a tattered sheet of his 1934 *BLACK CAT* with Bela Lugosi and I asked him how he enjoyed working with Bela in so many films."

"Very much indeed," he replied. "Bela was a great technician—he was worth a lot more than he got. Poor Bela, he had a very tragic life you know. A very sad life. He was a charming man but in some ways a fool to himself."

Boris continued: "He never took the trouble to master the English language to the degree he should have done. When he got to America he surrounded himself with his Hungarian friends and was quite content to do so. I mean, look at Peter Lorre. He was Hungarian yet he mastered English almost to perfection. But Bela was a kind & lovable man and I remember our work together with affection."

FM's own British Correspondent, Peter J. Jarman, journalist for the *Express & Echo*, expresses his personal regards to monsterdom's favorite maestro of the macabre and echoes the sentiments of Boris Karloff's uncountable fans: "O, King, live forever!"



"Dear old Thesiger," he said of his friend who died several years ago.

karloff on karloff

I noted that Boris had been recently quoted as saying "I am never really alive unless I am at work, merely recharging for the next spell. To know that I was never to act again would be something akin to the death sentence for me." "Perfectly true," Boris told me. "I am a very lucky man to be able to work at my age." (His 78th year.) "And I'm very lucky that people still seem to want me."

Were there any particular favorites among all his films? I asked. "Not really," he replied. "I've half forgotten lots of them. If I had to choose a favorite I suppose it would be the first FRANK-ENSTEIN because it was such a lucky film for me—and I think rather a good one."

"Of course it was all an accident, being given the role of the Monster by Jimmy Whale, the director, in 1931 and getting labelled for macabre assignments from then on because of it," smiled Boris. "I didn't set out to chill anyone, I was just an actor willing to try anything. I had no special interest in terror subjects. My private tastes are still very catholic."

strange confession

Boris confessed that he hardly ever sees any of his films until they are *about 3 years old!* "I always refuse to see the rushes at the studio and



I avoid my pictures for ages after they are released." Then when I do eventually catch up with them, and they are half forgotten (by me, at any rate), I can view my work with more detachment and a critical eye.

"Of course there are always things you see in your own films that you feel could have been done better. But once a film is finished it's too late to do anything about it. The ship has sailed and one's mistakes are embalmed. But you can learn something for the next time."

On stage acting: "I think every actor actually prefers the stage because there is a continuity & sustained effort in the work you cannot have in a film studio. The theater is the actor's medium. The cinema, the director's & the writer's. One of the happiest periods I ever had was when I was in the long stage run of *Arsenic & Old Lace*—yes, my name was written in the script but Raymond Massey played my role in the film because he was under contract to Warner Bros. at the time."

Pet Hate: "Background music in films. I know my films have it too—the heavy sinister stuff. But I still think background music is an insult to the intelligence of audiences. The mood should be conveyed by the action and not have to be underlined. There was that Hitchcock film *LIFE-BOAT* in which 3 or 4 people were floating on a boat in the middle of the ocean. But from nowhere at all there came a celestial choir on the soundtrack. It's so silly."

I reminded him that his original *FRANKENSTEIN* had no background music and that it seemed to have emerged in pictures a couple of years later.

"I haven't seen *FRANKENSTEIN* for years," he replied. "I expect the Musicians' Union eventually decided they wanted more work to do and so we had background music. No, I've never discussed it with any producer; it's none of my business."

Universal & AIP

Boris said that whenever he goes to Universal City he still sees many of the old technical crew who worked with him in the classic days. "It was always a happy lot," he said.

Then he went on to pay tribute to American International to whom he is currently under contract. "James Nicholson & Samuel Arkoff, the bosses, and everyone connected with AIP show me wonderful kindness & consideration," said Boris. "And their standards of production, writing, directing & color are very fine," he declared.

Boris said he found *THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD* one of the most interesting subjects he had ever had. "I do turn into a kind of monster in the end," he said. "The make-up will be uncomfortable—but not painful!"

He did not know when or what his next film would be. He was waiting for the Powers That Be at AIP to decide on that.

personal observations

"It's good to be living at home in England," he said. "I've lived abroad for most of my life but when you get older you feel the roots of home



Does Karloff like stage acting? You'll Find Out in the feature. Here he is as he appeared (live) in *Arsenic & Old Lace* in the role of a homicidal maniac who had a face like—Boris Karloff!

His pride & joy years ago when he lived in Hollywood end was preparing to make *NIGHT KEY*: a quartet of Bedlington terriers, rare in America. Dogs are his favorite animals, so we learn in this exclusive interview.





Read what he thinks today of *this particular picture!*

very deeply. I have a great regard for the American people—in fact nearly all the friends of my wife & I are in America and we miss them very much. But we usually manage a couple of trips a year to the States so we are still in touch."

Hobbies: "Still watching cricket, naturally—and rugby. I've been waiting in the studio since 10:30 this morning and I haven't done a stroke on the set but I must be on the alert when they call. I would have loved to have gone to the rugby cup final that's playing this afternoon but work comes first. I used to do a lot of gardening but my back was stronger then."

Animals? "I'm very fond of dogs and used to keep them when I was in Hollywood. But we have an apartment in London and I don't think one should have a dog without a garden for it to run in."

Movies: "Do I go to other people's movies? Well, that's different. Yes, I do go occasionally. Usually to see the people in them—and there are some very bright young talents about these days. I wish them luck. I wish, tho, that the stories kept pace with the acting nowadays."

the test

Unable to resist it, I asked Boris whether, if I gave him the title of any one of his films of long ago, he could tell me now what it was about?

He laughed. "In some cases, maybe. In a lot of cases I don't expect so. Some of them come back to me more than others."

When I said how young he still looked for his years he chuckled and pointed to my BLACK CAT publicity sheet. "You wouldn't recognize me or Bela there," he said. Then, as an afterthought, "Poor Poe. The things we did to him when he wasn't there to defend himself. Some of those old films weren't in the least like him."

Boris said his wife, Evelyn, sometimes visited the set. "We're moving into another apartment this weekend," he told me. "It's a nice one, still in London, but without so many stairs for my legs to climb. So she's busy at home doing the packing. It's just as well I'm doing a picture this week—I'm hopeless at helping in the house!"

And that is the story of the man in THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD. **END**



His favorite role—**FRANKENSTEIN**. Here the Creature kills his creator (Colin Clive) in the Universal classic of 1931.

HUNCH-FACTS OF NOTRE DAME...

little known sidelights on
Quasimodo & Co.



Four Faces of Anthony Quinn as the Hunchbacked Quasimodo (1957).



"Several years later when the vault is reopened, Quasimodo's skeleton is discovered side by side with Esmeralda's." This is why. From the Quinn version. Now, for the greatest shot ever published of Laughton as Quasimodo, turn the page—QUICK!!!

the chaney version

6 months were spent in the preparation of Lon's classic.

A year in actual production.

At the time (1923) *THE HUNCHBACK* was the most expensive feature film ever made, costing \$1,250,000. (Much more money by today's standards.)

The total personnel used numbered over 4000.

The Cathedral was an exact duplicate in infinite detail of Notre Dame as it looked in 1482.

The sets were insured by Lloyds of London for half a million dollars.

LON CHANEY did not use any doubles in any of his hazardous scenes. He required 3 1/2 hours daily to make himself up as the monstrous Quasimodo.

notre dame 1917 & 1926

There was an earlier version of Victor Hugo's "mighty epic of a mighty epoch", *THE DARLING OF PARIS*, 1917, and a later one, *THE DANCER OF PARIS*, 1926, but disappointingly, neither featured a hunchback! When published, Walt Lee's revised *Checklist of Fantastic Films* will reveal that probably the earliest filming of the classic was the 3-reel French adaptation of 1911, *NOTRE DAME DE PARIS*, in which there was a hunchback.

another great Quasimodo

In 1939 RKO released its memorable version—the first in sound—with the late Charles Laughton giving a great performance as the human toad. Extremely few fotos of Laughton in the make-up were ever released; one appeared in our 11th issue, another in our 17th.

Quinn's "Mr. Modo"

Burdened by a 25-lb. hump, a body brace & lead-soled shoes, Anthony Quinn played the famous role in the first color version, for Allied Artists in 1957. This time Esmeralda (Gina Lollobrigida) dies, killed by an arrow, and Quasimodo steals into her burial crypt. Several years later when the vault is reopened, Quasimodo's skeleton is discovered side by side with Esmeralda's.

the end of Quasimodo?

Had Peter Lorre lived, it would have been time for him in a few more years to add his characterization to film history as *The Hunchback*. Theodore Gottlieb would be perfect for the part.

But—who could hope to improve on Lon Chaney?



Charles Laughton, in RKO's 1939 production of *The Famous Hunchback*.

RETURN OF THE BLOOD BEAST

the end
of the
nightmare
from space

Part 2
(Conclusion)



"Your story on NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST was going great," wrote reader Richard Contini of St. Louis, Mo., "when it suddenly ended so abruptly that I couldn't believe my eyes. You concluded the article without explaining what the Blood Beast was or how it came to earth, what kind of aliens were in the astronaut's blood or what happened at the end of the movie. It may have been a fine way to end it for anyone that had seen the film but I unfortunately never had. So what happened and why did you end it this way?"

Dick's questions & comments were typical of other curious readers who wrote in asking for the rest of the BLOOD BEAST.

Cutting the story off without telling the last reel was entirely unintentional, an oversight in the make-up department. After going to press, it was discovered to the publisher's horror that a page of copy had been omitted about "the thing that hunted heads".

And heads rolled!

Turn page for the conclusion of the story . . .



In these 3 action shots the Blood Beast creeps up behind unsuspecting girl photographer who screams & faints as she is dragged off to unknown doom.



what went before

Into the unknown went the *X-100*, manned space capsule bearing Maj. John Corcoran (*Michael Emmet*). Far above the earth the capsule mysteriously exploded. When its remnants were recovered, its astronaut was dead.

Dave Randall (*Ed Nelson*) & Donna Bixby (*Georgianna Carter*) are the first on the scene. Later Dr. Steve Wyman (*John Baer*) & Dr. Julie Benson (*Angela Greene*), the astronaut's fiancée, arrive. Steve makes a weird discovery: altho John Corcoran has been dead for 3 hours, he appears to be alive!

The living corpse is taken to the tracking station where Dr. Alex Wyman (*Tyler McVey*) examines it with bewilderment. Meanwhile, Dave goes outside to check some equipment—and is

attacked by "something big as a bear". The lights go out in the lab and the "thing" bursts into it. After the pandemonium an examination of Maj. Corcoran's blood reveals there are *microscopic alien creatures alive in it!*

Dr. Alex Wyman works late into the nite on the mystery. A shadowy monster attacks him. And when Donna, Dave & Julie discover the doctor—he is headless. And Corcoran's living corpse has disappeared!

When John reappears on the scene he is in a zombie-like state and 8 embryonic aliens are discovered to be growing in his body. Then the Blood Beast is seen for the first time—fired on, with bullets & flame—and it flees into the nite while John, seemingly under its control, verbally defends it. But the others cannot believe the beheading of Dr. Wyman was a friendly act.

At this point John collapses from exhaustion. *Now finish the story.*



the monster's mission

When John recovers he persuades the group, "Come with me, I'll prove to you that the creature you all fear is friendly." He leads them to an abandoned mine shaft and there has them wait outside while he confidently enters.

What he doesn't know is that Steve & Dave are armed with Very pistols & Molotov cocktails.

In the dark shaft John confronts the thing and talks with it. *It* speaks in Dr. Wyman's voice!

The Blood Beast accompanies John to the mouth of the mine shaft and addresses the hostile group outside. "I regret," it says, "that I *had* to kill your friend in order to obtain his speech organs so that I might speak to you."

Then it tells them a strange story.

"My planet underwent atomic & nuclear advancement like yours but the end result was only war.

I & others like me are waiting to save you from the folly of nuclear destruction. My young, incubating in the body of John, will be the first of a new race, a combination of human beings with interplanetary beings that will be immortal."

But John suddenly doubts the alien's good intentions and before he can be stopped he whips out his hunting knife and stabs himself to death, thus preventing the birth of the space-creatures within his body.

At this, as if released from a state of mesmerism, the others act, lighting the home-made bombs and throwing them, surrounding the Blood Beast with a ring of flame. As it is consumed by fire its dying words ironically confirm that its intent was not evil. "More like me are waiting in space . . ." it gasps in agony but without anger. "My kind will come in ships and save you from your own madness."

Then the flames consume the creature.

END

from the head of Bloch comes--

THE

SKULL



No ordinary skull, this. Behind empty sockets, once possessed of eyes, an uncanny kind of sight still stares out balefully at the world.

And the brain—which once dwelt beneath the bone—it too, in some dreadful way, lives on.

This—and more—can be seen (at your peril) in the new Paramount release co-starring Britain's most popularly paired bogeymen, Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing. Adapted from Robert Bloch's weird tale "The Skull of the Marquis de Sade", the screenplay is by the producer of DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS.

collectors of the macabre

As the grim tale unfolds we learn that between Prof. Christopher Maitland (Peter Cushing) and his lifelong friend Sir Matthew Phillips (Christopher Lee) there has always existed the kind of rivalry which can only be found among dedicated collectors. Intense. Fanatic. Sharing a common interest in witchcraft & black magic they often find themselves in fierce competition for a prize collectors' item.

Maitland, however, is puzzled when, in an attempt to purchase some satanic figures at an auction, his friend bids an excessive amount to obtain them. Phillips later explains: "Something seemed to have taken hold of my brain, forced me to bid higher & higher."

Later that dark evening Maitland has a caller, Marco (Patrick Wymark), a shifty character who insists he has something Maitland would like to see. Jane Maitland is disturbed by her husband's deep interest in matters of the occult and begs him to send Marco away. But Maitland tries to calm her fears and reluctantly she admits Marco to the library.

bound to please

"I have something quite exceptional for you this time," Marco says, and produces an unusual-looking volume. But the price is so high that Maitland is hesitant to buy until he learns that the binding is not the usual sort: it is human skin—a woman's!



Phrenologist (that's a fancy word for a man who studies skulls) is struck numb (numb skull!) by the discovery of the corpse of the evil Marquis.



Peter Cushing becomes a Bug-Eyed Monster as he examines the sinister skull.



Horrible consequences come to the man who stole the skull of the sadistic de Sade. Is the skull cursed? Does it have a will of its own?



Peter Cushing, weird teeth marks on his neck, lies dead—the victim of THE SKULL.

Intrigued, he takes the eerie book.

The next night, as Maitland settles down to read his peculiar purchase, he is again interrupted by Marco who announces that he has a unique item to offer—a skull.

When he hears the price—1000 pounds, a matter of nearly \$3000—he scoffs. "No skull could be worth such an amount!" But his interest is captured when Marco reveals, "Ah, but this is no ordinary skull—it is that of the notorious *Marquis de Sade*!" The story is that it was stolen from de Sade's grave in 1814 by a phrenologist who wished to study it and determine if the Marquis were really insane. The student of skulls was found dead in his bathtub the next morning.

The skull was brought to England in 1850 by a physician but it disappeared. Marco acts mysterious and will not reveal how it came into his possession. When Maitland refuses to pay so much he is surprised to find Marco more than anxious to dispose of the skull for half price. But he still refuses and Marco leaves.

Alone, Maitland becomes absorbed in the life story of the monstrous Marquis. He becomes hypnotized by the horrific images conjured up in his mind and seems to have a series of terrifying

nightmares from which he emerges to find himself somehow in Marco's shadowy apartment. Baffled, he returns home.

the skulking skull

The possession of the skull is still uppermost in his mind and he confides this to his friend Sir Matthew, who surprises him by revealing: "It was stolen from me—but I'm not sorry. My advice to you is to forget it. It was the skull that forced me to buy the satanic figures. It radiates evil; it can bend a man to its will."

But this only intrigues Maitland who returns to Marco's home to bargain with him. He finds Marco—dead. Apparently bitten in the neck. The skull lies in the corner of the room, *leering* . . .

Knowing that the minute it is in his possession he faces terrible disaster, still Maitland must have the skull. The temptation is too great. Against his will he becomes the victim of the wicked writer of centuries past and becomes engulfed in a twisted life of crime & death.

The Marquis whose name has blackened the pages of history reaches out from beyond the grave into this modern age. Thru—THE SKULL.

END

HE TOOK THEM TO KONG'S ISLAND

He survived menaces like this on Kong's island and went on to discover—(see top of next page).





Kiko, SON OF KONG. Reicher was prominent in the cast.

now "Capt. Englehorn" is gone



Reicher stands behind the Grim Reaper in NIGHT MONSTER.

"Did you ever hear of—KONG?"
"Why—yes. Some Malays superstition. A god or a spirit or something."

"Anyway, neither beast nor man. Monstrous, all-powerful—still living, still holding that island in the grip of deadly fear."

"And you expect to photograph it?"

It would be little use to run the above as Mystery Lines because all of you will remember the skepticism of Capt. Englehorn when Carl Denham was explaining to him about the island with the mountain like a skull on it and the deadly "thing" that held the natives in thrall.

The captain was Frank Reicher.

And on 19 Jan. '65 this venerable old actor left the stage of life forever for the Great Unknown.

He was 89 when he passed away.

He originally came from Germany.

He was in numerous silent films and in Broadway stage plays. Cecil B. DeMille brought him out to Hollywood in 1914.

Besides creating the role of Capt. Englehorn in KING KONG he resumed it in the sequel, SON OF KONG.

He appeared in 1942 with Bela Lugosi in Universal's NIGHT MONSTER.

At time of going to press we do not have a larger list of horror films in which Mr. Reicher appeared but we have a feeling the list is considerably longer and that interested readers with good memories or notations of their own will soon supply us with further information for a more definitive Checklist in a future issue. We know that he appeared in over 100 films in all, among them THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY with Boris Karloff. And in 1920 he directed a version of "Lilion", the famous play & picture about life after death.

Tho his mortal remains are gone, we know the memory of Frank Reicher will live on as long as there is a print of KONG in the world.

Which means generations yet unborn will see & appreciate Frank Reicher.

END

INSIDE DARKEST ACULA

frank opinion on a fiendish film of 1958

"The more preposterous a horror film is, the more the audience seems to enjoy laughing at it. Those who seek such pleasures should have plenty of fun at **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE**, a wildly gory fantasy," was the opinion of one fellow reviewer. Another agreed, "Easily one of the goriest horror pictures in the current cycle, it oozes & gurgles with Grand Guignol blood & crunching bones. Story, direction & acting are primitive but the macabre effects will satisfy even the most jaded of the bloodthirsty."

FIEND WITHOUT A FACE was "born" in 1930. In the beginning it was called "The Thought-Monster", and it appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine. Like Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly 110 years before her, young author Amelia Reynolds Long was also a teenager when she wrote & sold what the magazine's editor described as "a goose-flesh story of the sudden & frightful deaths caused by a strange creature in a panic-stricken village."

Heroine gets it in the neck from
FIEND WITHOUT A FACE.





No face at all might be preferable to the one like this man's, disfigured & scarred by radioactive burns!



There is no truth to the rumor that the brain with the antennae belongs to My Favorite Martian.

In the original story the scientist recorded in his notes: "I shall create a mental being by the concentrated power of pure thought!" As November the 24th happens to be ye Editor's birthday, the experimenter's entry in his diary for that day amuses me: "The strain of my experiment is beginning to take my strength." Oftimes I have the same feeling about reviewing the latest monster films: the strain of finding new ways to describe how abominable the snowmen are saps my waning strength, while it keeps me hopping to keep coping with the bloodsucking menace of the flea-men from the Dog Star...

FIEND WITHOUT A FACE set some sort of record for errors in print. It has mistakenly been referred to as *FIELD WITHOUT A FACE*, *FRIEND WITHOUT A FACE* & *FIEND FROM OUTER SPACE*!

brains cause pains

Filed in England (with special effects created in Germany), the faceless FIEND takes place in the vicinity of a U.S.-Canadian air base & radar station located in the backwoods of Canada, where the American "Operation Dewdrop" is attempting to improve its Arctic Circle warning screen

by a nuclear step-up of power. A retired scientist in the area takes advantage of the governmental stockpile of energy by helping himself to some for his own unorthodox experiments in "psionics" (mind-powers). His theory crystallizes dramatically & disastrously when his concentrated thoughts condense into the form of airborne brains with spinal whiplashes that have a sinister habit of strangling human beings. "A combination between a scorpion & a spider," is the description of one viewer; "winged hamburgers" the tasty word-picture of another. Complete with ketchup & relish, it might be added, when the thought-propelled brains are bashed by bullets.

The natives are slightly suspicious, but even more so when a body is found near the base with its face distorted in horror. An autopsy reveals that the victim's brain & spinal cord have been sucked out thru 2 holes at the back of the neck. The natives blame the atomic power of the base for the deaths. Their hatred is intensified when a farmer & his wife are found dead in the same way. The military dispatch Major Jeff Cummings (Marshall Thompson) to track down whatever is causing these deaths.

In the course of his investigations, Cummings finds that the presence of the things can always



CAN NOTHING STOP THE FIENDISH THINGS? DYNA- MIGHT!

be detected by a scraping, slurping sound. A posse of villagers, led by a young man who is a rival with Jeff for the affections of a girl named Barbara, goes out. Later they return but without the young man. But he comes back, alright: a mindless, living imbecile.

Jeff, thru Barbara, learns she is the secretary to a famous scientist, Prof. Walgate. After several other killings, he gets the Professor to confess. The scientist states that he had been experimenting in thought materialization, drawing energy from the atomic power at the base. In his experiments, he created invisible beings, but they got out of control, escaped & multiplied. In order to survive, the invisible horrors had been feeding on the brains of their victims.

The only way to destroy the fiends is to shut down the atomic power but the monsters seem to be one jump ahead of them and kill the atomic engineer and take over the atomic reactor. They

also surround the Professor's house as Jeff, the scientist, Barbara, Jeff's friend Capt. Chester, Dr. Bradley & Mayor Hawkins are inside. The things are now provided with power in unlimited supply, and become visible.

A mass attack by the horrors is on, as they drop into the house and attack anyone they can connect with. While everyone is fighting for their lives, the Professor sneaks out and runs into a swarm of the things in the woods. He tried to control them but they kill him. Jeff decides to make a break for the base, and after being attacked several times, makes it, finds it inhabited by several more horrors, which he shoots. It seems the people in the house are doomed.

But have no fear: brawn triumphs over brain. Film columnist Jack Moffitt summed the situation up in a "nut" shell when he observed: "By the time of the picture's conclusion the players have been thru too much to distinguish between a brain & a thought."

END

THE BLACK HEART

the wages of evil are--awful



Head of horror. The end of Dorian Gray in the 1945 film version, MGM.

DORIAN GRAY!

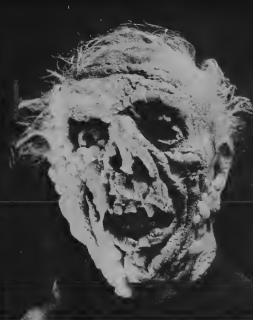
What did he do?
Everything bad.

Beside him, Mr. Hyde would have looked like a mischievous teenage prankster.

And yet Dorian Gray got away with "murder". Seemingly. Till the end, the end that was as hideous as that of M. Valdemar.

It has been 20 years, now, since MGM produced (with loving care & horrifying results!) Oscar Wilde's classic novel of the disintegration of a wildly wicked human being.

Horror fans of that time (1945) wondered if they had seen the ultimate when handsome young actor Hurd Hatfield was reduced in the end to a petrifying mass of technicolored horror, almost



Mortician's wax masterfully molded by the fab fingers of Dick Smith (TV '61.)

unrecognizable as something once human.

But then TV producer David Suskind decided, in 1961, to revive the shuddersome story of the ghastly Mr. Gray.

The result?

There are 12-year-old boys walking the world today with gray hair because they saw the television version of Dorian Gray when they were only 8!

There are mothers & fathers with scars on their elbows because they started gnawing their fingernails and couldn't stop.

Seeing is believing.

For you to compare—if you dare—we offer the 3 Faces of Dorian Gray.

END

OF DORIAN GRAY



One of the most devilish, detailed, diabolical pictures ever painted. Dorian Gray's portrait, by Albright.

ERRORSVILLE... HEADLINES FROM

Boris Karloff, who celebrated his 78th birthday on the 23rd of November, was in Hollywood the 3d week in October for a Halloweenish guest appearance in BIKINI PARTY IN A HAUNTED HOUSE. Basil Rathbone plays the menace in this spooky hyde-&-shriek spoof from AIP, and it was he who led the applause as the venerable veteran



THE MIRACLE MAN
(Happy Birthday, Boris)

Karloff rose from his chair to walk onto the set and play his part. Present to watch the performance of the miracle man of monster movies were Tommy Kirk, Allen Fife & Francis X. Bushman, all acting in the film; and FM's editor with Staff Photographer Walt Daugherty. Karloff signed 2 huge photographs of himself for the editor, gave autographs to Daugherty, Fife and —Basil Rathbone, who said, "Boris, my little niece will be thrilled!" Forry Ackerman learned from Karloff, and passed along to me, the information that BK has done the narration for a film called— MONSTER CONVENTION!

Speaking of Monster Conventions, another great one was held in New York shortly after Labor Day, when FJA returned from 75 days in Europe. Fans from as far away as Darien Connecticut (son of Darien Gray) and Erie (son of Eerie) Pennsylvania to talk to the editor about his adventures abroad with Chris Lee, Katy Wild, Ray Harryhausen, Boris Karloff, etc., and flocked into Manhattan to meet the editor & publisher at a memorable afternoon hi-lited by a showing of KING KONG. The Dracula Ring, latest fotos of Chris Lee, the British filmmonster magazine Certificate X, advance copies of FM & MW and other collectors' items were on display on a day long to be remembered.



She was the Widest in
EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN

A busy summer for Fritz Leiber was followed by—a busy winter. During the hot summer he played the role of a scientist in the forthcoming

animated monster film, EQUINOX, the only cool part being when he was required to take a splash in a river! During the winter months he wrote a novelization for Ballantine pocketbooks of the latest TARZAN film after Hulbert, son of Edgar Rice, Burroughs took him to the Studio to see a special preview showing of the apeman adventure thriller. Leiber is becoming a real Jekyll & Hyde: half writer, half actor!

Carroll (Luna) Borland made a hit in her personal appearance at the Halloween Party of Southern California's Count Dracula Society, acting the lead role in the monstrous comedy skit she wrote called My Fair Zombie. Dick Sheffield (last person to see Bela Lugosi alive) cut quite a figure in the very clothing worn by Bela in THE RAVEN. Parties interested in getting in on future activities of the CDS should contact its president, Prof. Donald A. Reed, by mail at 334 W. 54 St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037 or by phone at PL 2-5811.



CARROLLUNA BORLUND
Daughter of the Bat

In case you haven't noticed, run (do not walk) to your nearest newsstand for a pocketbook version now available of the life & death story of the towering 8th Wonder of the World—KING KONG!

If you'd like to read about the incredible adventures contained in the \$6 1/2 million dollar epic FANTASTIC VOYAGE, Isaac Asimov has obligingly turned it into a fictional account to be found in the pages of The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. Incidentally, the publishers of the latter magazine are about to release a new title, a publication based on nostalgia for all kinds of old time things from Babe Ruth to Buck Rogers, and the very first issue is scheduled to contain an illustrated article about BELA LUGOSI by Charles Beaumont.

PLANET OF BLOOD has been fictionized by Charles Neutzel for paperback form. This PLANET OF BLOOD should not be confused with that PLANET OF BLOOD, scene from which was shown in last issue's "Shock of Things to Come" (p. 9). That PLANET OF BLOOD was formerly known as HAUNTED WORLD but (apparently) will be released as PLANET OF VAMPIRES!

ERRORSVILLE... HEADLINES FROM

HORRORSVILLE... HEADLINES F

By Bill Obbagy

THE WIDDERBURN HORROR, previously announced in these pages, has had its title change to NIGHT OF THE BEAST. Lon Chaney & John Carradine co-star.

The silent horror classic THE LAST WARNING was revived as a Halloween week feature at the SILENT MOVIE THEATER in Hollywood. This is the movie house where you can still see great silents like THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE LOST WORLD, THE BELLS (Boris Karloff) and THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. For information about future programs, call OL 3-2389. Also, check 467-5787—that's the number of the MOVIES ROUND MIDNITE theater—to learn when they'll next be showing pix like THE UNHOLY 3, FLASH GORDON, THE DEATH KISS, FREAKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, etc.

Guests at the 13th Wedding Anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. Sam Russell read like a small Who's Who of Fantasy Personalities. The Russells edit & publish Haunted (sample copy may be had for 50¢ sent from 1351 Tremaine, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019) and on the occasion entertained 35 guests at Hollywood's newly erected Haunted House (foto feature coming in a future issue of FM or MW). Among those present were: Robert Bloch,



The Marquis de Sede, author of "The Skull of Robt. Bloch"

author of "The Clown at Midnight" & "Psycho", who revealed that his next film will be called THE PSYCHOPATH and that after that he is adapting Gerald Heard's terrifying fantasy novel "A Taste of Honey" for the screen ("It will be called THE ANGRY BEES," said Bloch, "and be produced by the same man who made DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS, THE SKULL and DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS"); A. E. van Vogt, who revealed that he is adapting his story "The Replicators", a real horror monster tale, for a movie ("I'm titling the screenplay THAT," said van Vogt; "perhaps it will be coupled on a double with Christopher Lee in WHAT!"), Wendy Wahman, author of "Rocket to the Rue Morgue"; Prof. Reed, Pres. of the Count Dracula

Soc'y; Fritz Leiber, who said that the Tarzan film he's novelizing is called TARZAN '66; Terri Pinckard, author of "Monsters Are Good For My Children"; Alvin Gerneshausen, LA's second largest collector of fantastic books; author E. Mayne Hull; and many others.

The full-size Time machine itself (from Geo. Pal's picture of the same name), 2 original King Kong drawings from the collection of producer Merian C. Cooper, a reconstruction by Kenneth Strick-



Eugene Hickey and display dinosaur from DINOSAURUS

faden of the Frankenstein laboratory, condensed showings of h-lites from these & other imagi-movies, were all featured during the summer at the Cultural Branch of the Lytton Bank in LA. Hundreds of vacationing monster fans, as well as members of the public, were thrilled by the display.

Quick Flashes:

Theodore Gottlieb, who has been suggested as the New Lorre, is starred in a new short subject version of Edgar Allan Poe's THE TELL-TALE HEART in which he acts out the part of the mad murderer.

Geo. Pal appeared in person at a recent LA showing of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. Reported Jackie Astrachan, one-time Man Aging Editor of FM before she married: "Mr. Pal gave a very interesting speech in conjunction with the revival of his famous picture."



The Ghoulieh GOTTLIEB

Mischa Auer, who appeared in such fantastic films as JUST IMAGINE (the world of 1980); BY FOOT, HORSE & SPUTNIK, and THE MONSTER WALKS; was observed in the audience at the New York revival in Sept. of the 6-hour-long French silent, LES VAMPYRES (THE VAMPIRES).

London horror fans had a treat during the month of Sept. when it was possible to see Peter Cushing in person nitely in a play.

END

HORRORSVILLE... HEADLINES F



1963
YEARBOOK



1964
YEARBOOK



1965
YEARBOOK



1966
YEARBOOK



#10 "MENACE" OF
"PSYCHO" BLOCH



#17 THE LONE
STRANGER



#18 MAKE-UP
CONTEST WINNERS



#19 SPECIAL
SUMMER ISSUE

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#28 CHANEY
UNMASKED



#29
CHRISTOPHER LEE



#30
POWERS OF DRACULA



#31 SPECIAL
CONTEST ISSUE



#32
CONTEST WINNERS



#33
THE HUNCHBACK



#33
THE HUNCHBACK



#35 DRACULA
INVADERS ENGLAND



#36 THIRD
MAKE-UP CONTEST

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VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS



Those monstrous legs, 15' tall, belong to one of the 30' tall inhabitants of the VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS. Taking a swing at the huge limbs is Tommy Kirk.

A big hand for a little lady, as seen in (opposite Photo) VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS. Spitting image of his old man Mickey is young Tim Rooney (bottom left), who demonstrates his enthusiasm for our companion magazine ("I've collected *FM* since its first issue," he told our editor). Tim has a top role in this movie. Editor is menaced (below, right) by giant pincer-like prop on sound stage of special effects specialist Bert Gordon's VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS. "A sequel is already on the way!" Bert tells us.



BLOOD CREATURE!

**terror is-half man,
half panther!**

mysterious island

A small boat drifts listlessly toward the beach of a remote island and is cast onto the shore. Fitzgerald (*Richard Derr*), sole survivor of a mysterious shipboard explosion which destroyed a freighter, staggers from the craft and collapses, unconscious, in the moist sand.

Discovered by Dr. Girard (*Francis Lederer*) & his swarthy assistant Walter, he is taken to the Doctor's residence—a rambling luxurious home that is the only house on this strange island. There he is nursed back to health by Girard's beautiful wife Frances (*Greta Thyssen*) & her servants, houseboy Tiago & his sister Selena.

Fitzgerald revives and inquires about his host. He learns that Girard once had been a prominent

Park Avenue physician and had given up an extremely profitable practice to come to this forbidding island. Fitzgerald cannot recognize the logic in this decision and thus, little by little, begins to suspect a deeper, darker, mysterious reason. His suspicion seems to be justified for in the course of his recovery, he comes upon a recently abandoned native village—with freshly-dug graves.

Why did the inhabitants of the island suddenly disappear?

And—why the graves?

This rising uneasiness builds up even further when Fitzgerald comes upon Girard & Walter in the process of setting traps for an animal of obviously enormous size . . .

another Dr. Moreau?

Fitzgerald learns from Frances that the escaped creature is a large panther used by Girard in his "experiments"—and that the panther's rampage had forced the evacuation of the village after the beast had slaughtered many of the villagers. The victims include the mother of Tiago & Selena.

Nite after nite, Frances tells him, Girard carries out his hideous experiments on the panther, the wretched creature howling & waiting for hours on end. She is forced to assist the Doctor for he holds the secret of a medical "indiscretion" which could easily cause much trouble for her if revealed. But even tho, as a nurse, she is used to the usual stitches-&-bloodshed of operations, Girard's experiments are so indescribably horrible that she is sickened by them.

Frances is willing to brave the dangers of the jungle and its unknown perils in order to escape this madman, a modern-day Dr. Moreau. She begs Fitzgerald to accompany her in her escape—to help her accomplish that which she finds impossible alone. He eagerly agrees.

The animal is recaptured. Prepared to look for evidence of Girard's insane experiments, Fitzgerald searches the Doctor's study—but the Doctor himself unexpectedly returns to interrupt him!

"Dr. Blood"

Fortunately for Fitzgerald, Girard is outwardly a forgiving person. He explains the reason for the "bloodcurdling torture" of the panther, and Fitz-



Frankenstein 1970? No, Moreau-like monster of 19-now. Turn page to come face with the "pan-man"!

Is it a Mummy? The Invisible Man? No, a cousin of the Catman!





Half man, half wild jungle beast, with the panther's savage instinct to—kill!

The next day Fitzgerald is still unconvinced of the morality of the scientific creation of man. He accuses Girard of playing God, of going against the laws of the universe, of doing that which is forbidden by unwritten rules. And furthermore, he doesn't believe the experiment will bloom into fruition.

This last assumption is shattered when Girard succeeds in teaching the man-beast to repeat the word "man." Able to walk erect, think & speak like a human being, this ex-panther is now a "person"!

When Walter returns briefly to the laboratory he is recognized by the man-beast as Frances' attacker. The creature breaks loose from his bonds in an effort to retaliate. Walter, however, thwarts the attack by grabbing a torch and setting the creature's bandages aflame.

Fitzgerald & Girard of course cannot understand the sudden violence of the pan-man. Thinking him for no reason excitable, dangers, the 2 help Walter subdue the painfully burned subhuman being.

the creature kills

Shocked into decision, Frances angrily reveals to her husband that she & Fitzgerald are in love and are leaving the island together. But she is surprised to find him accepting the loss with little visible reaction. Even if he had reacted unfavorably, tho, he would not have been able to strike or threaten Frances, for immediately after her speaking the haughty words the man-beast breaks loose. At last he—or it—murders Walter and dashes out into the jungle.

In the split seconds that follow, Fitzgerald orders Frances to stay behind with Selena & Tiago, then rushes off into the jungle to pursue the escaped creature.

Unexpectedly, the manther—now a maniacal blood-lusting monster—doubles back to the house. He savagely attacks Selena, killing the girl, and then turns his attention to Frances...

last of the beast

Frances' screams bring Fitzgerald & Girard racing back to the house but they arrive to find that the man-beast has carried the unconscious Frances off to the cliffs.

Girard shouts at the creature.

Now faced with the voice of its master, the pan-man gently drops Frances to the ground. But in no sense of the word has his fury diminished.

Girard attacks his creation, struggling violently to overcome the creature's superhuman strength. At last the monster hurls Girard off the cliff and to a watery grave many feet below.

Fitzgerald fires several shots into the murderous beast-man's body and the pantherian staggers about, weak from loss of blood and exhausted from the exertion. Redness stains its bandages.

Tiago—the creature's only friend—forsakes his friendship with the man-beast and under pretext of helping it escape its captors, "helps" it into a small boat. With a steady & firm shove the boat is pushed out to sea, and the bewildered occupant frantically tries to protest as it drifts further & further away from shore, disappearing into the immensity of the ocean to drift endlessly like a forgot-

gerald is astounded. Little by little, by painstaking experiments every night, the Doctor has been transforming the panther into a humanoid form. Goal ultimate: beast into man!

The man-beast (*Flory Carlos*) is already molded into the shape of a human being and now is learning to walk upright. "Soon," the Doctor explains, "it will be able to speak." And to dampen any doubts Fitzgerald might be having, Girard invites him to witness the next operation.

With mixed emotions Fitzgerald accepts the invitation and the following day the experiment proceeds as scheduled. The man-beast undergoes the operation with no undue pain and, at its end, is left strapped to the table. Fitzgerald & Girard go into the study to talk, the purpose of the discussion being to determine whether the experiments fit into the categories of "humane" & "orthodox"—2 words the vocabulary of Dr. Girard seems to have overlooked.

Frances enters the laboratory to clean up and is brutally attacked by Walter. Surprised & unprepared, she undergoes the harsh assault before the eyes of the man-beast, who is unable to come to her rescue and can only watch the scene with now-human compassion.



Man of Terror, Francis Lederer, and his laboratory-made mannequin.

ten Frankenstein Monster—until it dies of thirst & starvation & exposure...

Fitzgerald & Frances walk away in stunned silence.

* * *

BLOOD CREATURE was originally released in 1959 as TERROR IS A MAN. The screenplay by Harry Paul Harber, photography by Emmanuel Rojas and music by Ariston Auellino, added to the direction of Gerry DeLeon, made the film what it was—"A unique experience in motion picture terror."

Francis Lederer, who portrayed Dr. Girard in the film, also appeared in the horror film, THE RETURN OF DRACULA. Like Christopher Lee, he is a truly international star, for he is the master of 6 languages and a motion picture actor well-known in Germany, France, Portugal & Austria. His career can be compared roughly to that of Bela Lugosi, altho Francis Lederer has not been typecast as a "monster actor." Born in Prague—where he was a student!—he achieved overnight stardom as Romeo in Max Reinhardt's production of Romeo & Juliet.

Following the consequent fame in European countries, Mr. Lederer went on to London, where

he (like Lugosi) learned his first English role phonetically. The lure of the British stage faltered, and he next succumbed to the promise of Broadway, where Edna Ferber called him "the greatest actor in the world today."

A very busy writer, director & lecturer, Mr. Lederer is a frequent speaker at universities & clubs where his talks range from film & theater arts to social sciences & juvenile delinquency.

Greta Thyssen, who played the role of Frances, was Miss Denmark of 1954, which honor led her to the world of stage, screen & television. Her other horror film was the sci-fi JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET.

Richard Derr is, believe it or not, a musical comedy star. How he was cast for a dramatic part in a horror film must be a story in itself. To those who keep up with checklists & credits, Richard Derr is remembered as one of the actors in WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, the Geo. Pal superspectacle of 1953.

These combined talents fashioned BLOOD CREATURE into a film that was quiet, sensibly restrained & quite terrifying. The suspense builds logically & dramatically to the climax, when the various elements of a good horror film—pathos, chilling terror & visual shock—reach their gruesome finale.

END

DRACULA RETURNS...

another comeback for the Thirsty Count!

It is a 19th century tale that there existed in Central Europe a Count Dracula. The human in appearance and cultured in manner, he was, in truth, a thing Un-Died—a force of Evil—a VAMPIRE...

Feeding on the blood of innocent people, he turned them into his own kind, thus spreading his evil domain over which. The attempts to find & destroy this evil were never proven completely successful, and so the search continues to this very day.

CHAPT. 1 THE TOMB OF DRACULA

Two cars speed along the highway at twilight, thru the murky mist that pervades the forest in the Balkans. Soon they pull to a stop at the roadside, and a number of dark figures emerge and gather in a circle. The leader (*John Wengraf*), a tall gentleman in a trench coat, checks his watch with those of the others and asks his companions to don their crucifixes.

Soon the sun will set. There is not much time. The leader is given a key and the group follows him as he stalks toward the graveyard. Onward thru the city of the dead they march, wielding their cargo of wooden stake, mallet & wolfbane. Presently they arrive at the tomb and the leader goes to its door, unlocking it. Within the tomb they find a coffin—the resting place of Dracula. A priest takes his place at the head of the coffin and, gripping the crucifix, begins to pray. The leader appoints a man to stand at the door and watch the setting sun.

"Let us know as soon as the sun clears the edge of the earth."

The coffin lid is removed and laid aside. The leader tightens his grip on the stake & mallet and awaits the coming of the darkness.

"Just a few seconds more."

The moments tick on breathlessly. The sun hides beneath the horizon and then the cry rings out: "NOW!"

CHAPT. 2 THE VAMPIRE VANISHES

The mallet is lifted in preparation for the strike but as the leader gazes into the coffin his face becomes as pale as that of the Vampire himself.

"Why, he's gone!"

"But where? Where?"

The leader of the group frowns angrily. "I don't know—but wherever he is, he must be found..."

Elsewhere, at a railroad station, artist Bellac Gordal (*Norbert Schiller*) bids his father & his mother Freda farewell. Their faces are streaked by tears but their sadness is mixed with joy for Bellac is to journey to the New World. There his cousin Cora Mayberry is to take him under her wing.

In 1958 the Czechoslovakian actor Francis Lederer donned the cloak of the Demon of Darkness to play the role immortalized by Bela Lugosi. United Artists made the picture. Here is the story. (On television it is known as *THE CURSE OF DRACULA*.)



"At least in America I will be welcome. I can paint life as I see it. An artist must have some kind of expression."

"You will like America, Bellac," says his father. "You are lucky to be free."

Bellac bids his parents a final goodbye and boards the train. As he enters his compartment he discovers that he must share it with another—a dark man whose face is concealed behind the pages of a newspaper he is reading.

Ignoring the silent stranger, Bellac places his luggage over the opposite seat and suddenly, thinking he has heard a voice, turns. The stranger has risen from his seat and is advancing menacingly toward him. Bellac's eyes become wide as he recognizes the man's face. He screams—

Its bell & whistle screech wildly in the night as the train plunges into the darkness of a tunnel.

CHAPT. 3 SINISTER FREIGHT

Carleton, California, is the proverbial sleepy little town but it seems to pulse silently with expectant anxiety. By now everyone is aware of the fact that Bellac is due to arrive and they await him with unconcealed curiosity.

Little Mickey Mayberry (*Jimmy Baird*) races thru the hills in search of his kitten Nugget, named for her rich golden fur. He calls her and soon hears her meow. Scurrying toward the sound he manages to trace it to its point of origin—the old cave, whose entrance had long ago been sealed with a number of rotting boards. Mickey looks for a loose board thru which Nugget might have gotten into the cave and glances up at the large sign scrawled overhead: DANGER—NO TRESPASSING BEYOND THIS POINT—OPEN PIT.

At last he discovers 2 loose boards which, when moved aside allow one entrance to the cave. Stealing thru this gateway Mickey comes upon Nugget playing in a deep open pit form which several jagged sticks of wood rise. He calls the cat but she ignores him and continues to curl up and wash herself. Finally Mickey, satisfied that Nugget is safe & healthy, decides to leave, and the lonesome cry of the approaching train spurs him into animation.

Nearby, at the Carleton railroad station, the stationmaster Eddie & his helper Mel hear the train whistle and are amazed—the train is nearly half an hour early, a situation which has no precedent in that locale.

Mickey runs thru the street and bumps into his neighbor Tim (*Gage Clarke*) on his way home. Both are aware of the train's arrival. Tim urges Mickey to get the family ready and before long Mickey bursts into the house, where his mother Cora (*Greta Granstedt*) & lovely sister Rachel (*Norma Eberhardt*) leisurely prepare for Bellac's coming—in half an hour. But when he tells them that the train is early, all pandemonium breaks loose. Cora babbles excitedly as she straightens her make-up and Rachel runs around in circles, admittedly nervous:

"Think of it! A man like that, part of us—a man who's been all over the world and seen everything and done everything . . . I just can't believe it's happening to me!"

Soon they arrive at the depot and, hurrying out of the car, ask Eddie if their relative Bellac Gordan

has gotten off the train.

"He must have missed his connection," replies Eddie. "No passenger, Cora—just this freight."

He points to a single crate, the size of a coffin . . .

CHAPT. 4 THE MAN FROM THE MIST

Disappointed, Cora asks Eddie to double-check, and as he returns to the station house a thin spectral mist emerges from the crate, floating eerily to the bushes behind the group. There it pulsates and materializes into the form of a tall foreign gentleman (*Francis Lederer*). He steps forward, asking, "Cora?"

Cora turns, sees him and murmurs, "Bellac?" As he smiles she realizes he must be. Cora introduces her family to him and "Bellac" is especially pleased by Rachel. "Captivated," he intones, kissing her hand.

Rachel's boyfriend Tim fumes as he watches this display of European charm. Then Bellac is ushered into the car and whisked away.

Eddie sees them leave. "Did you see that feller get off the train?"

"No, sir," the bewildered Mel answers.

"Neither did I."

The car drives up outside the Mayberry home and Bellac seems to enjoy its appearance. "It has a feeling of the Old World . . ."

Cora, Bellac & Timmy go into the house while Tim detains Rachel just long enough to ridicule her cousin's European manners. She, however, is impressed by the same qualities that he dislikes.

The following noon, while Cora helps Rachel design a costume for the coming Halloween masquerade ball, Mickey goes to the cave to hunt for Nugget, who is still missing. Cora suggests that Rachel cut class in order to give Bellac a tour of the countryside and Rachel agrees excitedly.

Just then Mickey races into the house and into his mother's arms, crying that Nugget is dead, with blood all over her fur—killed by someone. They calm him and send him to bed and Rachel ponders over her dress designs. Her ambition is to become a famous designer in Paris, a goal which she hopes Bellac—being a painter—will help her achieve. She straightens the costume onto the dummy form, asking Cora if she may wake Bellac, but the request is denied. Bellac must be given time to adapt to the ways of America. Nevertheless, after her mother has gone into another room, Rachel scurries up the stairs and knocks on Bellac's door. There is no answer so she lightly pushes the door open—to find the room empty.

CHAPT. 5 OUT OF THE COFFIN

It is nightfall. The wind whistles thru the willows on the hill, around the cave. Within the cave there is a richly decorated coffin, hidden in the darkness, and as the moon rises a cadaverous hand emerges from it, gently lifting the lid upwards. In the coffin lies the stranger, "Bellac", surrounded by supernatural vapors.

Bellac's eyes blink, flickering open. He raises himself up. With a quick glance around the cave, the vapors swirling all about him mystically, he steps majestically from the coffin. He tucks a can-



The Shadow of the Balkan blood-thirster, Dracula!

vas under his arm and, pushing the 2 loose boards apart, emerges from the cave. He walks out into the enveloping night.

As Cora helps her into her coat, Rachel wonders where Bellac might be. She is somewhat disappointed at not having been able to show him the sights but Cora convinces her that there is no need to be depressed. Rachel slips on her scarf and departs.

She is walking along the street when she feels an ominous presence. She looks around and sees no one so proceeds. Behind her, Bellac assumes form and gently calls to her. She turns and he apologizes for going out without telling her. Rachel explains that she is going to the parish house. Bellac smiles. And then she tells him of poor Jenny:

"She's a blind girl and you could describe things to her. I know she'd love to meet you."

"You are truly an angel or mercy, aren't you?"

"I just know how terrible it must be to be alone like Jenny is—especially in the dark . . ."

Bellac's eyes twinkle with a mysterious gleam. "Yes . . . Well, upon your recommendation I shall make it a point to visit her sometime."

Rachel leaves, bidding him goodnight.

CHAPT. 6 DEATH IN THE AIR

Later, as she arrives at the parish house, Rachel finds the rooms filled with dozens of people, milling about and making plans for the party. The Reverend (*Ray Stricklyn*) tells her that Jenny is waiting for her.

Rachel hurries into the room in which bed-ridden Jenny (*Virginia Vincent*) lies. Immediately Jenny inquires if Bellac has yet come and Rachel promises her that he will visit her soon. But suddenly Jenny murmurs:

"I have the funniest feeling. I feel as if I'm going to die. Some nights are darker—some nights are almost black, like tonight. It seems so dark . . . I'm scared—scared of being alone."

Rachel calms her. Outside the dogs howl strangely and Jenny rises up in bed, chattering that she senses someone—or something—at the window. Rachel gets up and goes to the window but finds nothing. Finally, after much ado, Rachel reads to Jenny, who soon falls asleep. Silently, so as not to wake the sleeping beauty, she puts the book away, turns out the lights and steals from the room.



Blind Jenny knows not what danger lurks in her bedroom.

The Reverend gives Rachel her coat, telling her to retire early in order to rest for the party, and Rachel goes home. The Reverend peeks into Jenny's room and, seeing that she is safe & sound, closes the door. Meanwhile, the trees outside are shaken by a seemingly preternatural wind and as Rachel walks beneath them she is frightened by unheard voices. She calls out but receives no answer and, bewildered, wanders toward the hills. Suddenly she is startled to her senses by the deafening blast of a car horn—Tim, tooting for her to come down.. She goes to him and is driven home.

Back at the parish house the Reverend retires. Jenny sleeps peacefully in her room as the sounds of night run rampant outside. A mysterious mist filters in thru the open window and Jenny tosses & turns restlessly. She begins to talk in her sleep, imagining she hears someone addressing her. The strange mist twists, throbbing, and surges into the image of —Bellac.

CHAPT. 7 THE GRIM REAPER STRIKES

Bellac advances toward her. "Look at me, Jenny. Open your eyes and look at me. You can see me if you try—you can see me with your mind. I can free your soul. I can take you from the blackness into the light. Look at me, Jenny. Can you see me now?"

Jenny opens wide her sightless eyes and begins to tremble. "Yes!" And Bellac bends over her neck...

The telephone rings. Cora answers and learns from the Reverend, who is calling, that Jenny has become worse and that Rachel is needed. Cora calls Rachel and tells her of the message and Rachel immediately rushes out.

Outside she is met by Tim, who has been waiting for her, and she tells him he must drive her to the parish house.

At the parish house, Rachel finds a number of people gathered in Jenny's room. When she learns that Rachel is here Jenny tells her:

"I know what he looks like—I saw him!"

This, of course, is very strange indeed—coming from a blind girl. She is hysterical and suddenly leaps up from bed, babbling that she must close the window for some unknown reason. The Reverend & the others try to restrain her but she makes a dash to the window, crying that "he" is at it—and falls dead. Rachel cries on the Reverend's shoulder.

At poor Jenny's funeral the Reverend presents a solemn eulogy. Afterward the attending family & friends depart. Two young men remove the flowers from the coffin and carry it into the crypt.

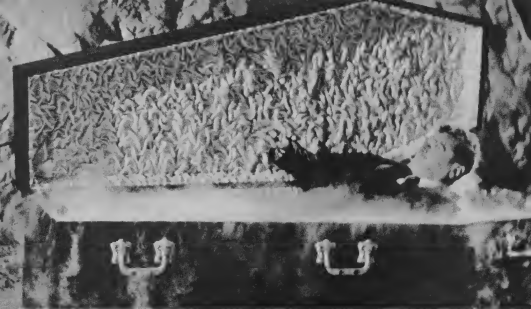
Rachel returns home, as she enters the house a man across the street watches her. He goes to the door, ringing the doorbell. Cora opens the door and the stranger (*Ivan Young*) introduces himself as Mac Bryant of the U.S. Immigration Department. He wishes to see Bellac about his alien entrance papers, for it seems that—

"An unidentified man was thrown from a train over in Europe."

It was the train on which Bellac had ridden.

CHAPT. 8 BELLAC UNDER SUSPICION

Cora explains that Bellac is not there whereat Mac asks her to look in his room for his papers. She goes upstairs and knocks on the door of his room but there is no answer. She is about to enter when



Once again the Undead One rises from his coffin to haunt the living.

she gasps, feeling a cold hand upon her shoulder—

She whirls about to find Bellac, having just returned. Cora tells him of the visitor and he agrees to see him in just a moment.

Presently Mac thumbs thru Bellac's immigration papers. Apparently everything is satisfactory. He apologizes for disturbing them and casually inquires of Bellac several questions which ordinarily only the real Bellac Gordal would know—all of which he answers more or less accurately.

Mac places a cigaret in his mouth, lighting it with a small lighter, and as he talks to Cora & Bellac he touches a tiny switch on the lighter, making an almost imperceptible *click*. Unknown to them, he has taken their photograph. Then he goes, somewhat suspicious.

He crosses the street to his car, where he is confronted by another man—the same one who was the leader of the vampire-seeking villagers in the Balkans. Mac tells him that he doesn't think that Bellac is the one whom he is seeking but agrees to check the information, and he inquires:

"What are you so interested in this one for, anyway? We've still got a long list of names."

No special reason. Only that he was also an artist—of sorts. It seems like a happy coincidence."

Mac gives him the film from the lighter-camera and he is asked to take the plane out of Carletor, that night.

"Well, there is only one thing wrong," the man intones. "—That we are defeated before we have begun. The facets, my dear fellow—a wolf, a man, a bat . . . The possibilities are infinite. There is only one thing he cannot change; between sunrise & sunset he has to lie in his coffin."

Somewhat baffled, Mac gets into the car and is driven to the depot.

CHAPT. 9 THE RE-AWAKENING

After the sun has set, Bellac stalks silently thru the cemetery and to the crypt wherein Jenny's coffin lies. He enters the tomb and stands over the blind girl's coffin.

"Jenny—Jenny," he mutters. "Jenny—I have come to wake you. Wake, Jenny—wake. Wake!"

ithin her coffin Jenny's glassy opaque eyes slowly open. A supernatural mist surrounds her too in her restingplace.

"Rise up, Jenny—rise up and breathe."

Jenny takes a deep breath and winces. Bellac reassures her:

"That's right, it hurts to breathe again—but only for a moment. Now, Jenny—now!"

Jenny transforms herself into a phantom mist like that which fills her coffin and, floating from the casket in that form, assumes the form of flesh & blood beside Bellac. He extends his pallid hand, clasping hers.

"Come—we have work to do . . ."

CHAPT. 10 DEATH HAS RED FANGS

Mac is dropped off at the railroad station by the mysterious man from the Balkans and, asking Eddie for the time, he sets his luggage down and lights a cigaret. Suddenly he hears a haunting, ghostly voice in the forest nearby, calling his name. At first he thinks it is his imagination. Again he hears the voice and he rises from his seat as he sees something not far off. The voice calls for help and he throws his cigaret down, running into the forest to investigate.



Victim of the savage white wolf that struck in the night.

The forest becomes strangely silent. He looks about him—and out of the brush a gigantic white wolf leaps at him, knocking him to the ground. He & the extraordinary animal battle frantically but the odds are not in his favor. He screams in agony as the wolf sinks its fangs into his throat and tears him to shreds . . .

Sometime later the stranger who had been with Mac comes to the station and asks Eddie if he had seen a man such as he describes. The aged station-master scratches his head and tells him he was there a moment before, pointing to the luggage that remains.

But before he can inquire any further, Mel excitedly rushes from the forest, chattering that there is a corpse lying in the brush nearby. Mel leads Eddie & the stranger to the body.

It is identified as Mac.

Soon the state police arrive and take charge of the situation. They examine the corpse. "It was an animal, alright—there isn't any doubt about it."

"I don't see how that's possible," mutters a baffled policeman.

The stranger smiles. "It's *quite* possible." He shows one of the state policemen his credentials, asking to discuss it with him in private.

Later—the stranger—whose name is Meyerman—tells the coroner of the strange circumstances surrounding the recent deaths. The coroner gives him the files to examine.

CHAPT. 11 THE POWER OF THE CROSS

Meanwhile, at the Mayberry residence, Rachel designs a dress for the party but is distracted by Tim. However, their sport is interrupted by the sudden entrance of Bellac.

Rachel asks Bellac to look over her dress designs and invites him to the Halloween party but he declines, saying:

"I have no—how you say?—'social grace' for large gatherings."

As she goes into Bellac's room Rachel asks him if they have offended him in some way. Bellac replies that they have not, but adds:

"You must accept me as I am. Do not question me. You study me with such puzzled eyes. If my behavior seems different, perhaps it is because it serves a higher purpose than to find acceptance in this dull & useless world."

He tells her that they are still friends and as he approaches her to give her a brotherly kiss, he stops dead in his tracks. He backs away from her slowly, calmly. Rachel wears about her neck a crucifix given her by Jenny shortly before her death. Bellac tells her to remove it. For a short moment she stands entranced and is about to take the crucifix from about her neck when Tim shouts from the livingroom. She leaves Bellac, asking him to look over the designs, and goes to Tim downstairs. Tim is somewhat jealous of her cousin and

soon storms out angrily.

CHAPT. 12 SHADOW OF DRACULA

As night falls Rachel sits at her dresser and gazes with wonder at the crucifix. Outside her window a wolf howls. She rises from her seat and goes to the window. There is a full moon, obscured slightly by the ghost clouds of midnight. Leaving the window open, Rachel goes to bed.

She decides to read herself to sleep. Not 20 minutes after she first picks up the book she is fast asleep, the book lying listlessly at her feet. A queer mist drifts in thru the window and changes into Bellac at the sleeping girl's side. He bends over her neck—but is repelled by the crucifix once more.

"The cross is my enemy, Rachel," he intones. "Take it off. Take off the cross, Rachel, and then we can speak. I must speak with you. The cross."

Rachel awakens, opening her eyes. She sees Bellac beside her and as if in a trance removes the crucifix, dropping it to the floor.

"You will do as I say. You're not afraid?"

She mutters, half-asleep, "No."

"There's only one reality, Rachel, and that is death. I bring you death—a living death. I bring you the darkness of centuries past and centuries to come. Eternal life—and eternal death. Now do you fear?"

She shakes her head weakly as he looms menacingly over her like an evil shadow . . .

CHAPT. 13 NIGHTMARE—OR REALITY?

Rachel hears a loud screech and turns to see a terrifying, glaring face peering insanely at her. She is frightened, shocked into her sense—into the realization that it is morning and that the face is but Mickey, in a mask. Mickey tells her that Cora wants her to get up and help her.

Rachel gets up out of bed and discovers the crucifix on the floor. She rubs her neck with a nearly-forgotten recollection of the night before. Was it a dream—or reality?

She drowsily goes downstairs, where Cora sees her strange mood and tells her that there is a pitcher of juice in the refrigerator. Rachel saunters into the kitchen and Tim follows her, apologizing for the night before. She mutters confusedly, half to herself and half to Tim:

"I had the strangest dream last night. I can't seem to remember—it was about Bellac—I wonder how Jenny is?"

"Hey!" Tim says, "Jenny's dead."

"Oh—of course."

CHAPT. 14 LIVING LEGEND

Meyerman knocks on the door of the Reverend's home. The maid comes to the door and guides him to the Reverend's study, along the way confessing:

"I'm going as a witch."

Meyerman is quite startled but she explains that the Halloween party will be held that evening. Finally he is greeted by the Reverend and,

sitting down, he explains the reason for his visit.

"I hesitated coming to you, Doctor," Meyerman begins, "but there doesn't seem to be a choice, unfortunately. I've spent all day yesterday verifying my information. Actually, I-this is rather difficult to explain—I've come to you on 2 counts. First, I want your help in getting the permission to open the crypt of Jenny Blake."

"Jenny's crypt! But why?" the appalled Reverend asks.

"That brings me to my second reason for confiding in you in particular. I understand you've done some studying abroad, in the Balkans. Perhaps you are familiar with the legend of the Undead?"

"The Undead? Oh, yes, of course—the Dracula legend."

"Only that it *isn't* a legend. It is fact. I have devoted a great many years of my life to proving it is a fact."

"Are you—are you serious?"

"I have never been more serious, sir. One of the Undead—possibly Count Dracula himself—has escaped to this country. It is my firm belief that he is now residing in this town, posing as a relative of the Mayberry family—for the sole purpose of starting a new chain of domination here."

"Oh, no, no, you must be mistaken."

The Reverend is paralyzed by doubt, unbelief—fear.

"Furthermore, I have examined very carefully the recent deaths in this community and it is my belief that Jenny Blake did not die from natural causes but as a victim of this so-called Bellac Gordal—and that she's followed the cycle now and is herself Undead."

"But why?" the Reverend demands. "Why do you believe such a thing? What proof do you have?"

Meyerman has a ready answer. He shows the Reverend a photograph of Bellac—who is not visible on film. The Reverend, astonished, believes that the photographer made a mistake but Meyerman is positive he did not. Just as the vampire cannot cast his reflection in a mirror, he cannot be photographed. And Meyerman grimly adds that the same man who took the photograph is now dead—slain by supernatural forces.

"We are dealing with the supernatural. If I am correct, Mr. Gordal's flesh is as transient as a spectre."

Finally the Reverend offers his assistance, whereat Meyerman discloses his plan:

"Tonight we will open Jenny Blake's crypt. If she is un-dead, then my theory about Mr. Gordal will be correct. Jenny Blake's soul must be freed—and all the souls of her victims, if any."

"But how?"

"With a wooden stake, right thru her heart . . ."

CHAPT. 15 DIRE DISCOVERIES

Later that evening Cora's family prepares for the party. Cora & Mickey get their costumes and leave but Rachel prefers to remain in order to ask Bellac once more to attend the festivities.

Rachel goes to her room and dons the Grecian robe she is to wear and, standing before the mirror, removes the crucifix from her neck, replacing it with a pearl choker. However, she ponders



"You must listen to me! You are bound to me! You shall die as you are predestined to die!"

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



After the death of Jenny her casket is found—empty!

a moment and decides to wear the former—for her own personal safety. Slipping on her coat, she goes to Bellac's room, knocking on his door and, hearing no sign of life from within, she enters. In the corner she comes upon several of the canvasses Bellac had carried. Curious, she rummages thru them. All are unused, except one; which bears the likeness of Jenny in her coffin.

Startled, she runs from the room, hurrying downstairs. She makes a telephone call to Tim, gasping excitedly:

"Tim, please come over right now. I have something I must show you!"

As she hangs up she glances in the mirror to affirm that she is alone but when she turns about she is accosted by Bellac!

Doubting both her vision & sanity she looks again into the mirror. Only her reflection dwells in the glass. She looks then at Bellac, who smiles mockingly.

"That's right—there is no reflection. The flesh is only an illusion. The heart beats only when it is drunk with blood . . ."

"What—what are you?"

"I think you know. I think you remember."

Rachel tremulously recalls her "dream". Someone knocks on the door and Bellac opens it to the frantic Tim, who bursts in demanding to know what is wrong. Rachel tells him she only wanted to show him her dress and, irked by her quirks, Tim angrily departs.

Rachel invites Bellac to the party. "Perhaps later," he murmurs. Then, frowning, he goes upstairs.

CHAPT. 16 WITHIN THE CRYPT

The party at the parish house is a booming success. The attending towns-folk drink & dance & cavort in their outlandish garb and among them Tim whisks Rachel around the dance floor. He complains of her being "lost"—a half-awake expression on her face. Soon the Reverend interrupts their dance and asks Rachel to come with him.

The Reverend takes Rachel into his office and introduces her to Mr. Meyerman of the European Police Authority. Somewhat frightened, Rachel sits down.

"Don't be alarmed," the Reverend reassures her. "We aren't sure but there's a possibility—mind you, I said a possibility—that your cousin Bellac is not all that he says he is."

He asks Rachel to stay at parish house, along with her mother, that night. She is puzzled and inquires why but the Reverend only replies that she must trust him. Rachel gets up, bidding them goodnight, and leaves the room.

She remains outside the office, however, just long enough to overhear Meyerman converse with the Reverend:

"If I am wrong about Jenny Blake—and we'll find out shortly—then I'm wrong about Mr. Gordan. I sincerely hope I am—but it doesn't look that way. Well, we might as well go and get this over with."

Rachel, puzzled by this cryptic conversation, joins the others as the Reverend & Meyerman

depart. She is about to follow them when she is stopped first by Tim, who asks her to dance, and then by the self-appointed emcee, who notifies her that the judging of costumes is now to take place.

Soon a group of people, led by Meyerman & the Reverend, have gathered within Jenny's crypt. They remove her coffin from the slab and open its lid. It is empty. As Meyerman had suspected, Jenny has already set about satisfying her thirst for blood.

"I can't believe it," says the Reverend. "It seems like some sort of grotesque joke."

Meyerman suggests, "We'll wait for her to come back. She will. She has to before sunrise. We have to wait outside. It's best not to be too close. We don't want to frighten her away."

They close the coffin and replace it as it had been so as not to invoke suspicions from Jenny when she returns. They then conceal themselves in the bushes outside the crypt to await the dawn.

CHAPT. 17 BURIED ALIVE?

Meanwhile, at the party, the costume Rachel had designed is adjudged the winner and Rachel is showered with praise. During the excitement that follows, Rachel slips out, unnoticed, but before long Tim sees she is gone and runs after her. He finds her walking toward the hills and tries to divine some motive for this wandering but instead is told to leave. He persists in his questions and Rachel finally screams at him to go away.

Jenny returns from her midnight meal and scurries thru the cemetery, her death shrouds flowing behind her like white shadows as she runs. She enters the crypt, and Meyerman, seeing her, springs into action.

"God save us!" the Reverend murmurs.

Waiting a brief moment, they follow her into the crypt and gather around as the coffin is once more removed from the slab and opened. The instant the coffin lid is laid aside, Meyerman thrusts a crucifix on Jenny.

"She's paralyzed as long as the cross is there."

Jenny struggles but cannot move. She is powerless. Meyerman places a stake over her heart and lifts the mallet but the Reverend halts him.

"No!" he exclaims. "We've made a mistake! She's alive—we hurried her alive!" he cannot accept the fact that his dear friend is a vampire.

Meyerman reproves him angrily: "You know better. You know what she is—and you know what we have to do."

The Reverend looks at Jenny's still lovely face and sighs. "May I pray for her first?"

CHAPT. 18 "THEY ALL SHALL DIE!"

Within the cave Bellac paces to & fro beside his coffin. He looks toward the entrance impatiently and finally Rachel comes. Bellac smiles.

"And the fairest of the fair—fair Rachel," he intones.

Rachel tells him they have discovered Jenny is a vampire.

"Oh, yes? Well, let them find her. She has fulfilled her purpose. We shall never be touched. The world shall spin and they all shall die but not we.

You only fear the Unknown. Only this plaything—this clumsy flesh—stands between you & me. You are already paralyzed between 2 worlds. Eternity awaits you now."

Bellac advances toward her, removing the shawl from about her neck, and again he finds himself thwarted from feeding on Rachel's blood by the ever-present crucifix. He backs away, commanding her:

"Throw away that cross, Rachel. Cast it on the ground! You shall rise reborn in me."

Bellac stares hypnotically at her. She falls to her knees before him and releases the crucifix from about her neck. He smiles satanically and walks slowly toward her—

CHAPT. 19 END OF AN UNDEAD

Meyerman brings down the mallet strongly upon the stake. Jenny cries out, groaning in agony. Another strike upon the stake. She shrieks, gurgling as the stake is driven into her heart. She tries to rise but a third strike sends her back into the coffin—to eternal silence.

Bellac groans & becomes dizzy. Eyes wide, he staggers forward and collapses. Rachel screams and leaps & falls. Tim bursts in, having been summoned by her screams, and the hysterical girl urges him to take her away from the cave as quickly as possible.

"You've got to promise me I won't become like him!" she babbles.

Tim lifts Rachel gingerly into his arms and hurries to the end of the cave—but Bellac stands at the entrance. Grinning evilly, Bellac walks toward the couple, who back away fearfully. Tim sets Rachel down on her feet.

"My poor child," Bellac says, pretending that Rachel is not feeling well. "I have come to help you. You are not yourself, Rachel. You must trust me." He addresses Tim: "She has had a great shock. Her mind has undergone an unusually strange change . . ."

"Don't listen to him!" she screams.

"I'm taking Rachel home," declares Tim.

Bellac smiles. "Yes, of course. Let me help you."

Rachel screams as he nears her. She begs Tim to take the crucifix in order to protect her. "It's the only way!"

Tim grabs the crucifix in front of him, but Bellac—being beyond its range of potency—only feigns pity for the "poor, sic girl".

"Her sickness," the vampire continues, "has caused wild imagining—wild fantasies. I will not harm you. Put down the cross, Tim. We must help Rachel. We must combine our strength for her good, you & I. Our destiny must be fulfilled here. We 3 are the only ones to survive this dying world."

CHAPT. 20 DRACULA FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL

Bellac's argument, altho somewhat mysterious, has nearly convinced Tim that something is wrong with Rachel. He hesitates to release the crucifix.

"That's right—put down the cross. It is only a burden. Your arm—it feels like a leaden weight . . ."

Tim slowly lets his arm fall, his fingers almost letting go of the crucifix, but Rachel warns him not

to listen to Bellac's suggestion. Soon Tim breaks free of the hypnotic spell and tightens his grasp on the crucifix, stalking toward Bellac.

Bellac is terrified but persists in trying to dissuade them.

"No—no— you must listen to me! You must listen to what I say! You cannot leave! You are bound to me! You shall die as you are predestined to die!"

Gaping, Bellac backs away, nearer & nearer to the edge of the pit from which a number of jagged sticks protrude. He moves closer every moment to the gaping pit and ultimately plummets backwards into it.

Bellac screams in agony as he is impaled by one of the stakes. Rachel gasps and turns away. Bellac shrieks, twisting vainly on the impaling stick as his blood tints the wood a deep scarlet. He screams again and goes limp, his staring eyes glassy & wide.

When Rachel looks again she sees nothing but a skeleton in Bellac's garb. Crying hysterically, she is led from the cave by Tim.

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When Rachel looks again she sees nothing but a skeleton in Bellac's garb. Crying hysterically, she is led from the cave by Tim.

Bellac—Dracula—is no more.

END



Dracule the Impaler at last himself impaled on a wooden stake!



MONSTER MAIL CALL

PRIZES this issue to **WILLIAM HENRY ROSAR** of San Marino, Calif.; **JEFF DAY**, Oak Harbor, Ohio; and **CORA LEE HEALY**, Livermore, Calif., for the best 3 out of hundreds of letters received in the office after the publication of **FM** #35.

THE PARENT-CREATURES ASSOCIATION

Terri Pinckard's piece for "Mom & Dad" was nothing less than ludicrous. I wonder how many parents took the effort to read it!

DENIS RICHARDS
Montclair, Calif.

"Monsters Are Good For My Children" was unnecessary. It makes horror movies seem like they were made just for children instead of adults, which I think they were originally intended for.

KENT RAPELJE
San Gabriel, Calif.

Even tho "Monsters Are Good For My Children" was a great article and showed sound thinking, the title didn't.

MICHAEL MAZZANTI
Lake Village, Ark.

The mother-&-monster fan-family article was novel but not conclusive. I have managed to convince my parents & friends that there is art in the field of horror films. That's why I go see them. Very few have the power to frighten me like they did when I was little (except Bill Castle's stuff... where was his column? ... which always frightens me) but I love to watch the way different filmmakers express the emotion of fear. I follow the horror field for much the same reason that many adults collect comic books: of course they are too old to goggle over the plots but they realize there is art & merit there and are anxious to see it.

TOM DUPREE
Jackson, Miss.

Mrs. Pinckard has put into words what I too as a parent have felt. We have only 2 children—Ronnie & his sister Vera—but both are devoted monster land, I might add, **FM** fans, bless their pointed little fangs. My husband & I liked science fiction & fantasy films when we were teenagers or even younger, and still do. We occasionally glance thru your magazine since Ronnie brought home a copy from a boy in the neighborhood. We don't think a picture like **REPULSION** is anything for children to see but



always let our own look to their hearts: content at **FRANKENSTEIN**, **KING KONG**, **THE MUNSTERS**, **DRACULA**, etc. They loved **THE TIME MACHINE** when it was recently shown on TV. More strength to your good right tentacle!

MRS. THELMA VANE
Santa Barbara, Calif.

* The general consensus of opinion, based on the foregoing plus a number of other, unpublished, letters is that the Pinckard article was by a Mrs. who made several direct hits. Terri, you are hereby promoted to the Ancient (in fact Prehistoric) & Honorable Order of Honorary, Terridactyl!

FLIPPER STRIKES AGAIN

When I learned the truth about the "Fantastic Frankenstein from France" I really

AMAZING PUPPET



Creation of RGMoroglu

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

flipped. And I'm not even a gymnast!

JOHN AMEND
(No address)

MONSTER, HANG YOUR HEADS IN SHAME

My favorite magazines, in fact the only ones I read regularly, are **FM** & **MW**, Mad Magazine and U.S. News & World Report. Sometime ago in Mad (#35, March '64) an article was run under the name of "Mannie Get Your Ghoul" by Jack Rickard & Frank Jacobs. This was a satire on the Broadway musical & Hollywood film, **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**. One of the songs was "Doin' What Comes Naturally". Mad redid this song into a take-off entitled "Actin' Supernaturally". I almost dropped dead when I saw this tome in the form of a poem in your letter department, where a reader of Waban, Mass., claimed the work to be his! This was just too much; some people, it seems, will do anything to have their name published. An apology to both you & Mad would be in order.

MARK HUGHES
Omaha, Neb.

* What this boy did is a very bad thing. It is called plagiarism and could have had serious legal consequences with a financial penalty if he had sold us the stolen literary property rather than donating it freely to our letter department. No editor knowingly publishes plagiarized material and we are both shocked & disappointed that a Monster Fan would violate the code of conduct expected of all of us who take pride in our hobby. It has been demonstrated time & again that no one can hope to get away with pretending another person's work is their own—there are too many alert readers to trip them up. In this case, a swarm of rate filmmonster fans descended on the offender like hornets, among them Tom Dupree, Chris Oow, Jerry Kay & Gray Daniels. This is the second such disgrace; we trust it serves as a warning to all and is the last.

WANTED



MORE READERS LIKE RONNIE PARROTT

LOGOSI OF THE LUFTWAFFE?

Recently I saw **RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE**. In the scene of the first air raid they showed a brief glimpse of one of the German pilots. This picture lasted for only a second and it was difficult to get a good look at his face but he looked like Bela. What do you think?

JEFF SWART
West Bend, Wisc.

* We think all **FM/MW** readers should watch this scene closely during future **TV** viewings and let us know their views.

ENGLISH INFO & OPINIONS

Surely the story of **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE** was a rehash of the story printed in the 11th **FM**. Not that I'm criticizing, I realize that about half the readers of your magazine started the **FM** habit too late. The rest of the article was highly informative and the stills were priceless.

Further titles for WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' ORBITORY (THE GHOUL IN SCHOOL); British, I MARRIED A WEREWOLF; French, MONSTER AMONG THE GIRLS; German, OATH IN THE FULL MOON.

"Mixed Monsters" was the best article in the issue. It is refreshing to see at least someone who acknowledges their mistakes. So many don't. Well done!

AORIAN SCOTT
Cambridge, England

CHANEY JR. CHASTISE

Lon Chaney Jr. was very quick to criticize the humorous rendition of his father's famous film, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, shown on Fractured Flickers, but I noticed he was singularly undisturbed about burlesquing the serious role of Lenny in the Bob Hope film MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE. Make no mistake, the film was quite funny and very well done but if Mr. Chaney is going to charge people with bad taste he should look into some of his own past films.

AGATHA MORLEY
Woodmere, NY

SPIN-OUT!

Usually your magazine is quite accurate but this time you've really bumbled. Never has a person had more trouble with spiders since Miss Muffet's unfortunate encounter. Not only does the movie HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND seem pathetically poor but your write-up is equally bad. One minute Robby is found dead under a tree but miraculously "rushes back to the hut" in the next to last paragraph. Another goof is that "Joe" shoots his gun at "Gary-the-monster" instead "half-human Gary" while in the very next paragraph "the monstrous Joe" gets the torch and the "no-longer-human Joe" sinks in the quagmire. Who's who? Also please admit that the spider man did not glow in size and that the picture atop page 28 (issue #34) is a "paste-up".

RON SIMCOX
Mishawaka, IND.

* Ron is one of several readers who pointed out that we got tangled in a web of words when trying to remember a year's worth of German we'd studied 30 years ago, while trying to translate the theater program as a guide to the plot line of HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND. Perhaps it's just as well the goofs were made as they seem to have provided more pleasure to our readers (in pointing them out) than the actual synopsis. We readily admit that the foto in question was a paste-up . . . but not by us: that's the way the original still appeared.

RETURN OF THE SPIOR

HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND was all fouled up. You say that Gary shot the spider; then how can the girl hear the hum of the spider if he's dead? Also (etc.). And that one foto! All out of proportion because the Layout Dept. superimposed the pic of the man onto the pic of the monster. (So was the blame you put on the poor round shoulders of the innocent Wayout Layout Dept? See end of preceding letter for explanation.)

"Contest Winners" was xint. It's always good to hear how fellow amateurs make out with their efforts.

JEXVILL & HYGE was xint—! Without a doubt the Bury more pic was best. Fellow monsters, look into the mail order sec. . . the films are great, a must for collections.

MARK LITTLE
Kittanning, Pa.

SON OF THE SPIOR

While watching Bert Gordon's SPIDER

on tv I saw a part I thought might interest you. A teenager calls this man about Mike & Sally borrowing his car and not bringing it back (remember the part where they got trapped in the cave with the spider?) Did you notice that right next to the teenager, lying on the couch, was a brand new edition of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** #1! (Yep, we spied it.)

TOM MILLMAN
Detroit, Mich

PEER GYNT, SWEET

The star article of #35 was the PEER GYNT story. Absolutely fascinating. The closest thing to PEER GYNT I've ever heard of is a Peer Gynt Suite. The writing style is a cross between FJA & Sam Sherman (in this case it was FJA & Weaver Wright). By the way, does 4e write everything not credited with a byline? (Write, rewrite or edit, yes.)

Thanks for the article on the Gordon Trio.



RUTH GORDON **ALEX GORDON**

As you know, some studies will just Not Send Information for fanzines but recently for mine Richard Gordon not only generously supplied a pressbook on DEVIL GOOL but discussed his past films & future plans in a personal letter. He is a congenial fellow who doesn't mind lending a hand to anyone, no matter how small. (Typical also of brother Alex.)

Your #35 letter column was interesting for several reasons. One was your use of the term "fantasoi", coined last year by Rich Wannen, who I understand visited Ye Ed on his way to the World Sci-Fi Con. He hoped it would come into general use and apparently it has filtered into the language of some of the Higher Ups.

TOM OUPREE
Jackson, Miss.

LUGOSI, KARLOFF & NOBLE JOHNSON

I have been reading your magazine since it was first out in '58 (Feb.) and now have a complete collection. I have been waiting for a chance to express my feelings for your maggot. I am preparing to explode all over you!

1) You may tell Herr. friends the Coburns that they still don't have Lugosi's title in THE BLACK CAT. For once & for all it is (directly copied from the screen) WITUS WEREDEGAST, surprisingly spelled with a "W"! Also regarding the same film, one quote from the end of the movie has appeared in your mag wrong! Example: (A) "I'm going to tear the skin from your body, bit by bit" (B) "You know what I'm going to do to you now?"

Did you ever see an animal being skinned? I'm going to pare the skin from you! Bit by bit!" CORRECTION (recorded on tape): "You know what I'm going to do to you now? Did you ever see an animal skinned, Hjalmar? Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh! That's what I'm going to do to you now, flay the skin from your body, slowly, bit by bit!"

Regarding Noble Johnson, as I understand it he died in the early 50s of a stroke.

I recently discovered there was a make-up originated for Karloff for the original flick that was never used! It was similar to the one used in the film but instead of the metal strips attached to the forehead there were 2 metal bars extending down to the ridge over his eyes and to carved hooks at the top of them. There was no forehead scar! And no scar near his cheek! His wig was thicker on the top, extending to the temples. Also more of his neck was visible. Last, his eye make-up was heavier!

Unusual as it seems, there was an edition of "Oracula" (book) put out in 1914 under the title of "Oracula's Guest and Other Stories" I don't get what is? (Very few people get what is a much sought after collector's item. The 2 books are totally different. "Oracula's Guest" is a short story which was originally a part of the "Oracula" manuscript but was omitted from the book and not published till after Bram Stoker's death.)

WM. HENRY ROSAR
San Marino, Calif.

CHANEY QUESTION

I would like to know if the movie LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT was a silent? (Yes, shown in 1927.)

CHAS. NORTHRUP
Ypsilanti, Mich.

EDITOR & FANS



Montclair, N.J.

THE FACE BEHIND THE MAG

I want to thank you & Wendyne Wahrman for visiting me on your 8700 mile tour of the U.S. My parents were a little suspicious of FM until they saw who (or what) was behind the mag. Now they even enjoy reading copies. (If I recall correctly you're a boy who lives on a farm who promised I'd meet 80 avid eaters of my magazine and I did: (yourself & 49 sheep.)

MARK SMITH
Niles, Mich.

POOF READER WANTED

When are you going to get a proof-reader who knows how to spell cat & dog? For instance, where in the world is Miami?

OOUG HAISE
Wauwatosa, Wis.

We thought everyone in the world knew Miami is a beach in Florida. As for the proof-reader, we have now found one that can spell dog. If we can just teach him how to spell cat!

THE "SHADOW" KNOWS

A little while ago I was viewing thru the pages of FM #30. I was looking at the 9

ways to recognize a vampire. One was, he throws no shadow. So I went on to page 70 and saw the shadow of his hand. Is there an explanation to this?

BERNIE HARTE
Ft. Knox, Ky.

* Yes, Berni, what you saw on p. 70 was not a genuine vampire but an actor pretending to be one. One way to recognize a human being is by the fact that he (or she) does cast a shadow. What you saw on p. 70 was a human being. Now we have a question for



FAKE VAMPIRE

you: how can we get the key to Ft. Knox? We have a strange friend, a man with a yellow finger, who claims a girl he wants to meet lives there: name's Goldilocks.

ANSWERS OWN QUESTION

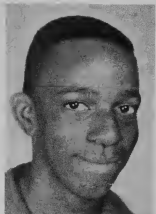
Was CURSE OF THE DEMON, starring Dana Andrews, based on the short story "Casting the Runes" by MR. James?

ALEC WILLIAMS
Denton, Texas

* You are absolutely right. And we thought the picture (known in England as NIGHT OF THE DEMON) was absolutely wonderful.

FAVORS GRANTED

I've never had a penpal before and would like one very much, a girl if possible (because girls scream more than boys do). Between 15 & 17, if possible. I am 17 and here is my picture. I would like one of him or her.



PENPAL SOUGHT

FRANK FAVORS JR.
622 Pryor St. S.W.
Atlanta, Ga. 30315

VAMPIRE LORE

In reference to the statements I have read by Gene Smith in #35, "Horror Headlines", I found myself, and I'm sure I'm backed by other Dracula fans in saying so, totally shaken.

Carradine is indeed a brilliant character actor but his portrayal of the beloved Count is indeed nonconforming to the legend & the book. Carradine portrays him with the characteristics of a pitying human. Dracula was human once, granted, but no longer so. A vampire is not a pathetic wretch (who technically a lost soul that might be pitied), he is a sanguinary fiend. The delight illuminates his features by choice.

Lucy was rightfully terrified at the prospect of becoming a child of the night, she fought to the bitter end, but as soon as she was a vampire she would have nothing else.

The Vampiric state is like a mesmeric trance that completely conditions the unfortunate victim to love it passionately and thoroughly expel all pity, compassion & sympathy from the victim. This is clearly shown in Lucy. Lucy the kind & gentle one, she loved little children & poor helpless animals. In her last exit to her tomb she showed this change. She drew her lover to her and tried viciously to attack him.

Dracula, Lucy & all other vampires share the same powers & traits as part of the curse of the undead. It appears Mr. Smith commands about as much knowledge of the undead as is written in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and I sincerely doubt that he could have read & fully comprehended "Dracula".

DAVE HOWE
Abington, Conn.

MISTAKEN MISTAKE

A letter in #32 referred to a "mistake" on p. 29 of #30 where it talks of REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN. This is the story in a nutshell: The monster had the brain of a crippled servant. But when news got around about the Monster, Dr. Frankenstein was beaten & killed. The assistant transplanted the doctor's still-living brain into the body the doctor was going to use for an experiment. But the writer of the letter said you made an error in saying the Monster had the brain of the Creator. You did not say this; you said, "Almost as indestructible as the Monster was the Creator." He talked of the

Monster, you talked of the Creator. The Writer was actually wrong.

EO LEVY
Hicksville, NY

* Well, heck, just when we thought we had a perfect record of imperfection, someone has to come along and prove otherwise.

QARK AUGUST, 1965

If this letter is printed, please omit my name. Thank you. After hearing on the radio how the Los Angeles riots have spread, I wish you would print in your next magazine whether the editor or his home were damaged. I'm sure everyone wants to know

(ARKANSAS FAN)

* This is the publisher speaking. Fortunately, Forry was far from harm's way—thousands of miles away in Germany & Belgium—at the time of the tragic events in LA. It would have been extremely ironic & unjust if any damage had been done to my editor's home as it is in fact actually a museum which he has been building for 40 years for the entertainment & education of anyone regardless of race. Forry himself, as a science fiction fan & as an Esperantist, is as free of racial prejudice as any man I have ever known. I am happy to be able to report to you that there was no disturbance in his neighborhood.—James Warren.

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Mail Subscriptions	2,584	2,782	
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Other Means	312	312	
Total Distribution	130,363	139,410	
Office Use, Leftovers, Unsolicited, Spoiled after Printing	62,895	73,090	
Total	193,258	212,506	

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Lee Irigang, Managing Editor

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by BILL ROBERTS

Are you a
numb skull . . .
dumb skull . . .
or bum skull?
If you get all 13
right—brother,
you've got
some skull!



THE UNHOLY 13

1. "Strenge as it may saem, this is my natrual appearance."
2. "The spider spinning his web for the unwery fly. The blood is the life . . ."
3. "Two bullets in the heart—and he still lives!"
4. "He went for e little welk . . . you should have seen his face!"
5. "I'll show you who I em and what I em!"
6. "Wes there anything about selling away your souls?"
7. "I am the point of contact between Eternity & Time."
8. "Deeth visited me this morning. We are playing chess."
9. "The treed of their feet whispers in my brein. I have no peece, for they are in me."
10. "My neme is Scratch—I often go by that name in New England."
11. "This is the crowning indignity! I think that hereafter I shall be invisible—it's really less complicated that way."
12. "Yeers leter 2 skeletons were found locked in embrece. When an attempt was mede to separate them, they crumbled into dust."
13. "It comes from everywhere & nowhere. It dies away et dawn."

ANSWERS

1. Frederic March to Sir Guy Standing in *DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY*.
2. Bela Lugosi to Dwight Frye in *DRACULA*.
3. Basil Rathbone to Lugosi in *SON OF FRANK-ENSTEIN*.
4. The young crazed assistant to "Dr. Muller" & "Sir Whempier" in the Kerloff *MUMMY*.
5. Claude Rains to the policeman & townspeople in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*.
6. "Elfish" to "Ishmael" & "Queequeg" in Bradbury's *MOBY DICK*.
7. Fredric March (Death) to Sir Guy Standing in *DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY*.
8. The knight "Antonious Block" to Bengt Ekerot (Death pretending to be a confessor) in *THE 7TH SEAL*.
9. Simone Simone to Tom Conway ("Dr. Judd") in *THE CAT PEOPLE*.
10. Walter Huston (Satan) to James Craig in *ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY*.
11. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Death) to Lionel Barrymore & "Pud" in *ON BORROWED TIME*.
12. The narrator at the end of the Anthony Quinn *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*.
13. "Estella" to Ray Milland in *THE UNINVITED*.

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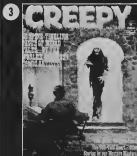
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☐ THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US

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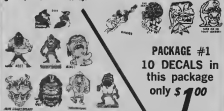
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OVER 10"
HIGH!

HARMLESS
FUN!

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the blade comes
down - victim
works over and over
again.



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DRACULA'S DRAGSTER

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MONSTERS

YOU CAN 'IRON-ON'



DRACULA



FRANKENSTEIN



CREATURE



PHANTOM



WOLF MAN



MUMMY

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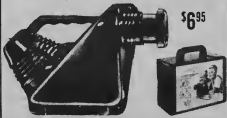
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☐ TALES OF HORROR

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FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP? Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch two warring monsters inadvertently fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 100 feet, \$5.75.

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SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

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ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN



THE WHO'S WHO of the MONSTER WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the monster. 100 feet, \$5.75.

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SEE THIS Addams Family TV Haunted House at any store carrying Aurora's easy-to-assemble **MONSTER KITS**. Or you can order your Haunted House by mail; see Special Coupon on page 80.

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name
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smell as
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